Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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The Maine Farmer.

N. T. TRUE, S. L. BOARDMAN, } Editors.

Our Home, Our Country, and our Brother Man.

Young Apple Trees.

A large number of Western apple trees have been brought into Maine the present season, and while we would by no means discourage the cultivation of fruit, yet we hardly know which to pity the most, the purchasers, or the apple tree. The experience of this State thus far has been almost a complete failure in bringing trees from New York to Maine. Agents come into the State and undertake to tell us how to raise apple trees, who never raised an apple tree in their lives in Maine or anywhere else, and men are induced to buy the *beauties*, for beauties they are to look at, and stick them out in our hard soils where they soon fade and die just as a human beauty will do when neglected.

Inasmuch as these beauties are on the hands of so many of our citizens we wish to say a word in reference to the proper care of them.

In the first place, they should receive as high cultivation as it is possible to give them here. As well may you talk of hardening a human beauty so as to retain her beauty by neglect and hard treatment, as to neglect an apple tree for the sake of adapting it to our climate. Give it every possible chance and the difference of climate will then be as much as it will be able to withstand. We have seen thousands of these trees set out in Maine, and we have not yet seen half a dozen good orchards from them, and these orchards were the result of special care. Even in orchards which to the farmer may appear well, on close inspection a larger proportion of the trees are worthless. We would not give this discouraging view of the case if we could help it, but truth compels us to be honest to our readers. Go into such an orchard of trees that have been set out a few years and press the branches with your thumb and finger, and they will yield to the pressure like a piece of India rubber. When this is the case you may be sure the tree is not a healthy one. The inner wood is dead if not rotten, and the tree will die a premature death from this early disease. The sooner such a tree is torn out of the ground the better it will be for the owner.

In the second place, do not trim one of these trees in spring; wait till mid-summer or the first of August, and then trim and carefully paint over the wound in a few days, after the surface of the wound is dry, with some thick paint,—common yellow ochre and linseed oil is the best. These trees are exceedingly apt to bleed when trimmed, and spoil the tree. You might about as well cut off a finger and let it take care of itself as to cut a limb from one of these trees and neglect it. We have seen many trees spoiled that otherwise might have done well, had they had this precaution.

In the third place, look carefully for the borers.—The smooth and tender bark of these trees is inviting to these pests of our orchards, and they will deposit a half dozen eggs in a tree before you know it. Never let the first of August go by without thoroughly inspecting the base of every tree. Their ravages up to this time will not injure the tree, and you can readily detect the little chit which they have begun to make, and with the point of a penknife you can dislodge them. A borer will usually spoil one of these trees if allowed to winter over in them.

In the fourth place, these trees must receive careful cultivation for a series of years. Without it all your labor will be lost. If you do not believe what we have said on these points ask those who have bought western trees in years past. We have no opposition to make against the introduction of anything from abroad into Maine that will benefit the public, but those who are the purchasers have a right to know what they are doing. Like a man who has secured a beauty for a wife, without any other qualification, he may be able to train her to something useful with special care, so may your beautiful trees be trained to something useful if you give them all due attention. We hope it will prove so.

Pear Culture in Maine.

We always dislike to speak discouragingly respecting the cultivation of any crop or the prosecution of any enterprise which may be legitimate to the farmer's calling. Still, it is not true because a fruit or grain can be successfully raised in one part of the country that it can be done with equal success everywhere else. We think this is true of pear culture in Maine. While a few individuals have succeeded in raising this delicious fruit, hundreds have entirely failed. Thousands of trees and thousand of dollars have been expended in Maine, yet how few have ever seen a bushel of pears growing on the trees. We do not speak of city gardens, where they are sheltered from cold and winds so that the climate is rendered nearly equivalent to that of Massachusetts. We would also except a class of men who have a decided taste for the garden and whose time as well as tastes are at their command, and who can now and then make a good show of pears. We refer now to the generality of farmers and fruit growers who wish to plant and sow with the reasonable expectation of realizing a profit from their labor. To such we would say, plant an apple tree and you can buy in a few years from its products more pears than you can possibly raise by setting out pear trees, and do it too at a much less expense. It is not possible for one man to raise everything and do it successfully. It is too much like one man's having half a dozen trades, in neither of which he can be expected to excel. The facilities of transportation are so great that we can often interchange commodities at a cheaper rate than we can raise them.

The Fruit Crop.

There is nothing so fallacious as opinions formed respecting a fruit crop. Correspondents from different portions report a most promising crop from the appearance of the fruit buds. Now it is well known to fruit growers that a profuse show of blossoms is quite often followed by a poor crop. We think that a moderate show of apple blossoms is more likely to ensure a bountiful crop, than when the trees are literally white with them. When this is the case it seems as though the trees overtasked themselves during the period of inflorescence and had no resources at command wherewith to develope the fruit. When there has been a small crop for one or more years previous, we may look with confidence for a good crop. Judging from the past two years we may anticipate a good apple crop in New England generally.

A Farmer's Anvil.

While in Dr. Goddard's Office in Bethel, the other day, we saw an anvil which it occurred to us would be a capital thing in any farmer's or mechanic's shop. It was nothing more than a section about seven inches in length of a T rail from a railroad. It is easily moved, and very convenient for a thousand little purposes. If a blacksmith would take an old rail and cut it up into anvils he might easily supply a neighborhood at a cheap rate.

Agriculture in Southern Georgia.

We recently were gratified with an interview with Maj. G. A. Hastings, late of the 12th Me. Regiment, who has been residing for two or three years in Georgia, and for a year past has been extensively engaged in cultivating a large plantation. His answers to our inquiries have much weight, coming as they do from one who has had an opportunity of hearing the workings of the free labor system. His plantation consists of eight hundred acres devoted chiefly to corn and cotton, and employing on an average about forty hands, except in harvesting when the number was much increased. The price of labor to the freedmen was from twelve to fifteen dollars per month and rations. Labor was cheaper now to the planter than when slave labor was employed, as then all the expense of the families devolved on the planter. Now the freedmen assume the support of their families.—The freedmen work cheerfully and are excellent help as a general rule, especially when they feel assured of their pay. So attached had a majority of the Major's help become to him, that they wanted to hire out with him as long as they lived. In that part of Georgia, some of the planters are arranging to build a church and school-house in one, and hire a teacher for them at their own expense. In the northern portions of the State the negroes are leaving for the more southerly States. The lands there are more worn out, and the planters cannot afford to hire laborers to advantage.

With many persons the last year has been a disastrous one. The corn and cotton crop was small and was cultivated at a great loss. The tendency of the system of free labor seems to indicate that the negroes will gradually move towards the more southerly portions of the Union, and that the more northerly of the late slave States will be cultivated by white labor to a considerable extent. Natural laws are stronger than the laws of man in regulating his affairs, and politicians will learn the fact sooner or later in a country like this where men will think for themselves.

Another lesson will be learned which may apply to the North as well as the South, that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and that the laborer will work cheerfully when there is a prospect ahead of a suitable compensation. We have but little respect for any man who would grind out of the laborer his just dues. The land of freedom equalizes the relations between the laborer and his employer to a great extent. The genius of our institutions leads to this, and unfortunate will be the day when it shall cease to be regarded. No kind of slavery is worse than that which does not recognize the just claims of labor.

An Acre of Land.

We were reminded a few days since by a prosperous mechanic, of an address we delivered some fifteen years since, before the Cumberland Agricultural and [illegible] pressed upon mechanics in our villages the importance of securing to themselves an acre of land. We have met with numbers of mechanics since who caught the hint and have secured to themselves good homes by their persevering industry. There are many mechanics in our villages who are actually distressed respecting rent for their families. Compelled to move every few months, and living in the most inconvenient manner, they find no opportunity to accumulate any capital. It is all expended in rent. Now since land has advanced so much in most villages that it is not easy to secure an acre of land, yet any young man can, before he is married, buy for himself a house lot somewhere about a village. No matter if the spot is not so inviting; you can make it so in a short time by means of trees and shrubbery and cultivation. Secure the land and your credit will at once be raised fifty per cent. A mechanic living on rent throws away all improvements he may make. He accumulates little or no capital around him. On the other hand, when he has a home he can call his own, everything he does counts something. All his labors cluster around one common centre. He has a home of his own and it is his pride and pleasure to adorn it to the best of his ability.

It would be a good idea and serve to enlarge the boundaries and materially increase the wealth of our villages, if a farm adjacent thereto could be bought and cut up into house lots and sold at a reasonable rate to all who might desire to occupy them. We are not certain that a spirit of philanthropy will sooner or later be demanded in this direction in New England. Many villages in New England are utterly ruined from the fact that such exhorbitant prices are demanded for house lots, and in some villages cannot be bought at all. Men who would bring in capital go elsewhere never to return, and the owner of such lands dies without any income from them, and with taxes to pay where he might have received an equivalent.—Assessors of taxes should levy in proportion to the value the owner set upon such land. We close by advising every young man to secure a house lot somewhere.

An Evidence of Improvement.

In the activity of the farmers' intellect and the substitution of better implements for performing his various operations, we see two of the most powerful causes that have wrought the improvement and advancement of the art so noticeable in our day. The former needs a column for its complete illustration, the latter can be disposed of in a few words. To say nothing of the many new implements and machines to aid the farmer in his work, that were wholly unknown among us twenty years ago, we see a great improvement in the more common implements such as have been essentially the same for ages. Our hay and manure forks, formerly made by the village blacksmith, were heavy, bungling, unwieldy implements, and the same was true of scythes, hoes, plows and many tools in every day use. Hoe and fork handles were formerly twice as large as was necessary, and a man was obliged to carry about while at work many pounds weight, which instead of making his labor easy rendered it much harder. Farmers in those days seemed to have no idea of the strength of materials, and seemed to think a tool must be large and heavy in order to be serviceable. A different notion now prevails, how much to the benefit and ease of the farmer we need not say.—A more correct and enlightened view of the strength of materials is also observable in the use of timber for buildings. The frames of our dwelling houses were formerly erected of large heavy timbers, with braces and pins, mortices and tenons more appropriate for a bridge or other structure demanding greater strength than for a dwelling. Sills and posts were often ten or twelve inches square, and studs and beams large enough for the sills of the largest houses we now build. Our present "balloon frames" have been found to be equally as strong, and are erected with about half the amount of lumber—an item of no small consequence in these days when our forests and timber trees are so rapidly diminishing.

☞ A subscriber informs us that to prevent calves from sucking each others ears—a habit they are much addicted to when together—put a few drops of pain killer on their ears. If they then take them into their mouths they are very sure to "let go."

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Letter from Thistlewood.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Mere accident of course—my *happening* to look into and through "Cosmo's" manuscript during his absence. But many great discoveries, you are aware, have had their birth in mere accident. This one discovers to me that I am to be misrepresented to you, as I have been once before in Cosmo's communication that you innocently enough (I don't blame you, of course) gave publicly to your whole family.

A woman forfeiting, or being robbed (the world makes no distinction) of her good name, is no longer in society a *woman*. An angel fallen, becomes a fiend. Men are not so wicked. Their sin lies in making women more wicked than themselves. Nor so unfortunate—they never fall quite so low; they reach at their worst, only the brute level.

Now that I think you will see whither I am drifting, I shall ask your permission to put in my defense—to show you and your respectable family that I am not quite and entirely the *outre mauvaise jupon*—the termagant, shrew, Bohemian if you please, that "Cosmo" softly insinuates. Here are samples—tangible testimony to prove that my hands are often turned to work more womanly and arts more useful, than climbing trees after shell-barks, shouldering a rifle, shouting over dogs, tramping after trout, or belaying a yacht's gaff topsail halyards; though I confess to having done all these, and to loving them dearly. Why not? Is there aught disgraceful or wicked in a woman's going out into the free air, and by such manly exercise putting on health, peach-bloom, muscle, *hilariteur*—making herself man's more equal mate, and of herself "a helpmeet for man," as God designed her to be? Which leader shall we follow—Common Sense, or Madam Conventionality? The latter, because the majority happens to be against us? Others may; but I shall not until my fiftieth birth day has passed, or earlier I fall into the fashionable folly of preferring to be a helpless doll, to being a *woman*, worthy of a *man*, fitting myself to occupy a man's place even, if in the dispensation of God's will it shall become a necessity. But I am running off, just as I do fishing, or after shell-barks. Let us come back to court—get round again to those samples. There are points in my experience, and experiments that I would have every member of your large family—every man, woman, girl and boy remember.

I have my faults—as many I think, as most women; but neither idleness nor extravagance are among them. As a proof of the declaration, I enclose samples of cloth. Have you seen better, more serviceable honest fabrics of the quality? Did you ever look upon a balmoral, brighter, more beautiful, and withal warm and substantial for winter wear? Doubtful. The gray is my husband's business suit; the brown, his "Sunday togs," as he calls them; the specked, a knock-about suit; while in the variegated strip you see samples of woman's gear, and many useful household fabrics. There are samples of my skirts, dresses, winter coats, cloaks and balmorals—besides them, bed-spreads, table-covers, and a bit of a summer suit good enough for Mrs. Eugene of France, and will wear a woman's life-time.

These are all my handiwork—ah, I beg pardon—only a part mine. *I turn the crank.* The balance mainly is the result of ingenuity in a better head; but it is my industry and economy that "makes the mill go." I believe a dozen of your Maine family are quietly at this time producing just such fabrics—perhaps [illegible] *denhall's Improved Self Acting Hand Loom*; and a man in his hours of idleness, or a woman, boy or girl twelve years old, to turn a little crank. That's all we do. The miracle of machinery performs the remainder, producing of such fabrics, from ten to thirty yards per day. I believe that every woman of your Maine household having in use the automaton marvel, will testify that herein I have exaggerated nothing.

When it occurred to me what an easy independence of shoddy and extravagance was within almost every woman's reach, I said, "I will neither eat nor sleep, or lie down to rest, until I have asked you to say to so many as you see and hear, that if they will but put themselves to the trifling trouble and expense of addressing "Madeline," at Thistlewood, or what is surer, our box, 840 Philadelphia P. O., now that my winter's work is well done up, and this atrocious weather keeps me much in doors, I will have the very great pleasure of answering every question asked, and giving every item of honest information I happen to possess. I am no paid canvasser, know nothing of Mr. Mendenhall, never saw him, never expect to; but I have an interest in his loom, or one of them that was his, and am anxious to awaken the interest of a good many thousand more of my sister women to its merits, and their own emancipation from the thralldom of high prices.

Going back to self defense, I inform you confidentially, that with the exception of the overcoats, every article of my own and husband's wardrobes—cloaks, coats, dresses, vests, pantaloons and balmorals, have been cut and made up by my own hands, with the exception of two days' assistance from a dressmaker when I was in a great hurry with my riding suit. The material has cost on an average all round, less than half the store prices, while the making has only cost several days of serviceable employment. Thus you will see we are cheaply and comfortably clad—proving also that I am something better by times, than the wild wood witch and out-door romp. With no more brains than God has given me, and the assistance of the simple, self-acting automaton, I believe that seven out of every ten women everywhere can manufacture material and make up garments, making themselves, husbands and children tidy and comfortable, as easily and cheaply as I have done.

To convince my fellow housewives throughout your domain, that my kitchen education has not been entirely neglected or quite forgotten, I present the *modus operandi* of achieving two or three plain, good, economical dishes, my own invention, and favorites here at Thistlewood. Firstly, a

CLARET PUDDING. No claret in it, not a drop. I name it from color; though crimson or solferino would have been as appropriate, but not quite so *distingue*. If there are to be—say ten to dine, I take a pint of good, sound, ripe cranberries, pick out all black, shrivelled up and imperfect ones, wash them well, put them into a sauce pan with a close-fitting cover, with a quart of water, and stew over a hot fire twenty minutes. While the berries are stewing all to a jelly, prepare a quarter of a peck of any tart, fair cooking apples, by paring, coring, and slicing up a quarter of an inch thick. Set the sauce pan off the fire, and put the sliced apples into the hot sauce, stirring in at the same time three quarters of a pound of good, clean, brown sugar. Then, while the apples are soaking and coloring red, stir up into a very stiff batter with warmed, sour milk, one quart of coarsely ground yellow corn meal and a pint of wheat flour. Shorten with two spoonfuls of any clean, cooking fat, salt, beat up and add three eggs; then just skimming out the apples, turn the cranberry sauce into the batter, and stir vigorously until the material is thoroughly incorporated and the mass is a pretty claret color. If too thin, stir in more meal, till the consistency is about like that of stiff batter for corn griddle cakes. Next, dissolve and stir in a dessert spoonful of the best, refined saleratus; then we are ready to begin to make pudding. Take deep, flaring top dishes, either iron, tin or earthen, grease them well, and having put into one an inch layer of batter, lay round carefully on the surface in rings, the sliced apples; then another inch of batter—more apples, and so on till the dish is two thirds filled. When all are thus prepared, set by and cover over in a warm place for half an hour or so, and then place either in a moderately hot oven, setting the dishes into a dripping-pan half full of hot water, or into a steamer over the fire, and steam or bake three hours. Serve either hot, warm or cold, or warmed over, or sliced and fried brown. Eat with butter, sugar, syrup, cream, or any sauce you prefer. Follow out instructions faithfully, and if as good and pretty a pudding as ever went to any table is not the inevitable result, say of Madaline:—"I guess that Pennsylvania pretender knows more about climbing shell barks than making claret puddings."

BUCKWHEAT BREAD. Wholesome, cheap, palatable, and warm, with butter, molasses, or milk, cold, toasted, or in any way you please, the best cold weather bread I believe in this world, or any other where bread is eaten. Have you made it, seen or ever heard of it made in this manner? I think not. Mix up at night half so much bulk of buckwheat batter as you would have of bread when baked, remembering to make the batter about one-third of corn meal and add a handful of wheat flour. As early as convenient in the morning, boil thoroughly done so many good, sound, mealy potatoes as will make a bulk of about half that of the batter. Peel and mash the potatoes up hot, being particular to pound every lump into a paste. Then stir down the batter and stir in the potato mash until the mass is so stiff as to require a pretty strong force to stir it. Add so much good, active yeast as you would use for ordinary bread, put the material into deep earthern dishes well greased, set in a warm corner, cover over and let it rise for an hour. Then bake in a moderately hot oven from three and a half to four hours.

ONIONS OUR WAY. Onions are one of the most wholesome of all our edible vegetables. Lots of carbon in them, and therefore first class winter food. With good potatoes and a few other fixings, one of the most delicious winter dinner dishes that any one ever had set before him or her, can be readily manufactured. Boil separately and till most thoroughly done an equal number of potatoes and onions of about equal size, or that does not matter much, so you get the bulk of each about equal. Peel and pound all to smash, the potatoes first, then the onions as fast as possible. Salt, pepper, put in as much butter as you can afford, turn in a pint of cream, or rich new milk, beat up till there is nothing like a lump left, mould smoothly in covered dishes, serve piping hot, and there you have "*onions our way*," fit for an emperor's dinner.

Upon my word—the writing of these things have called to mind so many more of my kitchen performances, that by your leave, I will do myself the pleasure of calling again.

Yours miscellaneously, MADELINE.

Thistlewood, near Philadelphia.

For the Maine Farmer.

On the Breeding of Horses.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I notice in the FARMER of Feb. 14th, a communication from P. M. Jeffords, relative to raising horses. Having been more or less concerned, for a number of years in that branch of business, and being interested in improving our present breed and to secure to our farmers the most useful and profitable class of horses, I propose to suggest a few remarks upon the above named subject.

The writer, in the above article referred to, seems to take for granted that light and speedy are, in general, more profitable and better adapted to the farming business; this is an idea that I fail to see. Such horses, it is very true, make very good carriage horses, and perhaps, better than those possessing greater weight and strength; but they certainly cannot fill their places in performing the various kinds of work required from them on a farm, i. e. plowing, harrowing and trucking, in general. We learn by observation that the services of horses are taking the place of those of oxen. Many of our farmers are putting away their oxen and procuring horses instead. Now in order to do the same work, it requires both weight and physical power; this is a self-evident fact. Converse with the generality of our farmers, and see what they will say in regard to this matter. Then, again, in regard to speed; unless a horse can make better time than three minutes, it adds nothing to his value, nor will he sell for any more in market on account of his speed.

We find that many of our horse breeders fall short of their expectations in this respect. Seeking speed in their horses, they carry their mares to a stallion noted for speed, and, at the same time, comparatively light. Now, unless he succeeds in his design, he has neither one thing nor another; but he will get a colt that is too small for heavy work of any kind; and as his speed is not sufficient to enchance his value, he must, of course, effect a loss to his owner. While on the other hand, a good heavy horse will do all the work usually done by oxen, and also the driving on the road. How, then, shall we decide between the two. If we consult the interests of the farmer we must certainly give the preference to the heavy horses. Now, how shall we secure this class of horses? Sim- [illegible] well made up, open gaited, with muscles fully developed. The opinion of some, owning mares not roomy enough to bring forth large, healthy colts, or those that cannot produce sufficient milk for them to subsist upon, is contrary to my experience; and I think, in some degree, faultly. How have we improved the breed of our sheep and neat cattle? We have invariably secured the services of the largest and finest wooled bucks; and thus we have refined the quality of the wool, and increased the weight of the fleece from three to five hundred pounds. By pursuing a similar course, we have increased the girth of our oxen proportionately.

It is not my object to speak disparagingly of fast horses; but I *do wish* to impress upon the minds of our farmers the importance and advantage of breeding for heavy horses, both for their own use and for the market, where they will find ready sales and at remunerative prices.

ELI C. WEST.

For the Maine Farmer.

Remarks on Fattening Stock.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Many are anxious to learn the best method of fattening hogs, sheep, &c. I have had some experience in the business, of which I will give the readers of the FARMER the benefit. Once when I saw a large quantity of pork on the wharf marked "Cincinnati, Ohio," I thought I'd experiment a little in pork raising. Accordingly I bought eight shoats, measured my grain that I intended for them, equal quantities of corn and barley, ground together; I fed from this twice a day, once a day I gave them corn alone and kept account of it. I found that two quarts per day is enough for a pig until it is six months old, then give three quarts per day till one year old, and you will make a hog to weigh about three hundred pounds, and it will have eaten twenty-eight and a half bushels. The first year I cleared one hundred and seventy-five dollars from my eight hogs. The next year about one hundred dollars. The third year I bought a number of Suffolk pigs which were great eaters and small growers, and I lost nearly one hundred dollars. For fifteen years I have raised pork for the market. My method is to keep everything growing and fattening continually till it is fit for marketing. I have bought a number of lean hogs and kept account of what they would eat, and I find that it requires as much to fit them for market as it would require to raise a pig for market.

I feed my sows on rather dry feed; I give them meal thoroughly moistened twice a day, and once I give them corn and milk. They will never run down while fed in this way. The pigs will not be so large at four weeks old, but they will be fully as large at six. Sows fed in this way will be fit for market in two weeks after the pigs are off. I let my pigs run with the sow till she weans them. It saves the trouble of feeding them. My sows will average about four hundred pounds when eighteen months old, by giving them two quarts of extra feed while the pigs are on them. The two past years my pigs have more than paid the whole expense of raising the hogs. The last year I owned two sows; one had ten pigs, and four run with her until four months old. The other one had twenty pigs. In two weeks from taking off the pigs, I gave each three quarts per day, allowing fifty pounds to the bushels, and as much as they would eat. The most they eat any day was ten quarts, and the least was four quarts. I did not keep strict account but think the average about seven quarts per day. The one that had ten pigs weighed, when eighteen months and ten days old, four hundred and forty-one pounds, and the one that raised twenty pigs weighed four hundred and and twenty-five pounds. I took a sow that was raised on meal, and when I took off the pigs she weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds alive. I gave her three quarts of corn per day, milk measure, and put in just milk enough to cover the corn, for about one week. I kept her on corn until she would not eat one quart per day. She eat about one and a half bushels; I then gave her three pints of meal per day, wet with milk, until she eat about one and a half bushels, with no other feed of any kind. She then weighed a hundred and ninety-nine pounds. I took another sow that was raised on swill and gave her just as much corn and meal as I gave three others that had been raised on meal, and I found that it took as much to fatten such a hog as it would to raise it from a pig. I have seen farmers keep their hogs lean all summer and in the fall put them up and give them as much as they can eat, which will average from six to ten quarts per day. I can make more pork with thirty bushels of corn, keeping my pigs fat all the time, than can be made with forty bushels by feeding as many do.

ON FATTENING SHEEP. Several years ago I took a sheep and gave it as much as it could eat of corn, oats, meal and potatoes, and it appeared to grow poor. I took another, weighed it, and gave it one quart per day of corn; I weighed it every week and it gained three-fourth of a pound per day for four weeks. I then increased the feed to as much as it could eat; then weighed it every week at the same time of day, and it lost just three-fourths of a pound per day for the same number of weeks. It has been my custom for some time to give my sheep one-half pint of corn per day when they come to the barn. Late years I have given them one-half barley, and think they do as well. Last year I gave one lot equal quantities of corn and barley, and the other lot all barley. They do as well on barley as corn until they lamb. Barley will make sheep give more milk than corn. The sheep will not look quite as well but the lambs will be as good—When the grass gets a start, turn them out; then have some hay very salt ready for them. Give them their grain in the morning and turn them out to grass. At two or three o'clock in the afternoon they will come after their salt and will eat so much hay for the sake of the salt that they will not go out again until morning, when on receiving their grain they go out to grass till afternoon, then come after their salt as before. In this way my sheep get the start of my neighbors' enough to pay for the corn, hay and trouble.—My sheep pay me two dollars for every bushel of corn or barley fed out properly, allowing they eat the same amount of hay. Thirty-five years ago I asked a neighbor to come and see my lambs; I gave them some oats while he was there; said he, "They are eating their bodies out." I paid twenty-five cents for half a bushel of oats, which will keep a lamb sixty-four days at half pint per day, (a large quantity for a lamb.) Allowing this to increase the growth ten pounds, at ten cents per pound, would amount to one dollar. Now providing the lamb weighed twenty-five lbs., only two cents on a pound would be fifty cents, and the lamb would be fit for market earlier. I have tried to inform myself, and my opinion is, that sheep will pay the best for their feed of any other animal, although many think that sheep can live on anything. I once sold twenty-four sheep for one hundred dollars and let the man pick from my flock. When he sheared them I chanced to be there. The sheep looked as if they had seen hard times. They had lost most of their lambs and much of their wool. What lambs he did have he sold for fifteen shillings each. I sold to another man some of the same lot of sheep and he received eight dollars and sixty cents for his lambs.—One lamb that he kept sheared ten and a half pounds wool and raised a lamb worth five dollars. Nine shillings each would have paid for all the extra keeping.

FARMER.

Maine Board of Agriculture.

Remarks of Mr. Dike.

In Board of Agriculture, Jan. 28, Mr. French's report on topic No. 1, published by us last week, being up for its final passage, Mr. Dike said:

MR. PRESIDENT—This is one of the most important subject which has been brought to the attention of the Board at its present session, or, indeed at any of its sessions. It is one which concerns the welfare of our State. It is one which we, as a Board, ought to commend to the consideration of the people of the State, as a subject of vital interest to them.

Our State—the Dirigo State—why has its growth been so slow, the last quarter or half a century? Not our climate, though this be cold in winter. Not the sunny south alone, has drawn away our people. Not the want of the means of education; for we have been fostering those interests. Towns and cities have had schools and systems of education fully up to any in New England—and to say this, is to say that they are fully up to any in the world, taking everything into consideration. And the parts of the country whither most of our young men and young women have gone, have often afforded comparatively less opportunity for education. But our State has been raising up manly young men to go away into other States, because, more than for any other reason, they have not found the means of getting a living in their own State, equal to those afforded in other States. Our young women have gone to other States because they could earn two, three, four, five or six dollars per week, as the case may be, in these States while they could earn little or no ready money at home. And the young men have done the same. The old maxim is 'money makes the mare go.'

Now the question arises, and it is an important question, what shall be done to retain at home, these young men and young women? They are the bone, sinew and muscle, as well as mind, of the State—of any State. This State is a State of great resources; but in no department hitherto has it excelled more than in raising men—men of physical as well as intellectual powers. We cannot so well raise corn, or wheat for the great markets of the world. Other fields surpass us in these products. We cannot raise cotton or sugar, they are products of more sunny climes. But we have raised and do raise men; and no State has excelled us; no State has produced stronger, nobler, abler or more useful men. Men who have emigrated from Maine have been foremost men in other States. They have conferred honor upon the State which produced them. But we do not desire to export our products of this character. We do not desire to lead away our young men and young women to find homes in other States. We wish to retain them here among us. We need their physical and intellectual powers to develope the rescources, the really immense resources of our own State. We need their assistance, their labor, all their powers at home.

How shall we retain them at home, as well as draw others to us? I answer, by a change of our policy: by the introduction of a system of internal improvements; by intersecting our State with railroads; by using our immense water power; by bringing into our State capital from abroad; and by the introduction of manufactures and the mechanic arts in their thousand forms. The rapid introduction of this new system of State improvements, would soon lead us to cease to export men and women. It would keep our population at home; keep our capital at home and invite capital from abroad. If we look into history we may learn some lessons on this subject. We shall learn that the effect of the introduction of manufactures and the mechanic arts into other countries, has been to change the whole phase of society. This is an age of great physical progress, especially in manufactures and all the branches of the mechanic arts. Without these agencies agriculture would have slept till this day, and without these agencies, it must continue in its present half sleeping, half waking state. The great cities of our country, of the world, are quite as much cities of manufactures and of mechanics, as of merchants. If we go back to the days of feudalism—half patriarchal and half military as it was, we shall find that feudalism held every thing in slavery, till manufactures and the mechanic arts wrested society out of its death grasp. The triumph of Runnymede—what was it and what did it amount to, till manufactures, and commerce—always dependent upon manufactures—began to quicken vitality which lay dormant in the masses of men? It was these which opened the way for the fusion of the social classes and kindled those aspirations which have beat higher and higher till they have controlled the western nations of Europe.

Let us take one or two examples for the sake of illustration. Mr. Hallam in his history of the middle ages, has ascribed one of the first steps of progress in Europe to the introduction of woollen manufactures into Flanders, nearly six hundred years ago, and so magical was the effect of the introduction of these simple manufactures, that, that little district, since rendered so famous, became a market so distinguished as to invite in merchants and strangers from seventeen different kingdoms, and give them a home in the little capital of a district, whose every avenue was in the course of time palpitating with new life, under the dispensation of the industrial arts, and Flanders sent out its influences all through the free cities of Germany.

England was one of the first countries to discern the effects of this new revelation. She was quick to take the hint and adopt, as she always has been to this day, what will serve her own interests. He who was called the father of English commerce—the great Edward—a title which gave him more claim to the gratitude of his countrymen than being the hero of Cressy—opened a stream from the manufactures of the continent which was continually pouring its life giving influences into the kingdom of Great Britain. Here was the beginning of England's greatness. Commerce soon began to extend its sway into the Baltic, ships began to be built, ships it is said of nearly a thousand tons capacity, maratime law, and the law of nations took forms, international comity and freedom were cultivated, banks were established, bills of exchange began to be used, those little paper cards which have been often strong enough to bind great and powerful nations together, and manufactures and mechanic arts and trade began to take a position in the nations of the world and be seated on thrones from which they have never come down.

What is it that built up London, and made it what it is now, the greatest and most powerful city in the world? The work shops, the marts of trade, the din of ports, the smoke of towns, the click and whirl of machinery and the incessant sounds which go forth from the places of labor. These works of the laboring classes built up London, and they continue to sustain it in its greatness to this hour. While Wat Tyler could summon only a rabble around his standard, the great Cromwell could gather vast numbers from the houses of merchants, manufacturers and mechanics—puritans in religion and workmen or laborers—they demonstrated that a new era had opened upon the world, on Marston Moore. What enabled John Hampden to stand up so boldly in the defence of the rights of man? It was because a vast array of tradesmen and mechanics stood behind him. They spoke through John Hampden.

Look again at the brilliant triumph of the untaught genius of George Stephenson, when this poor uninstructed mechanic sent his first express train over the Liverpool and Manchester railroad. That was the trial trip of the age of progress. The humble inventor and engineer then was nobody but a poor mechanic. But there stood a crowd of witnesses, to watch the movement of this first rail way train, the greatest men of the age, Brougham, Wellington &c.: and the freight which this first railway train carried, was all the hopes and all the interests of this new age: and when Dr. Arnold, if not one of the greatest, yet one of the noblest men of the age, when he saw that first train dashing along he said "I rejoice to think that feudality is gone forever."

I wish I had time to dwell on the fact, but have only time to allude to it by saying that mechanics and artizans were the men who made up the constituency of Samuel Adams; they were the men who stood behind him and made him bold and ready to confront the domineering power and aristocracy of England; they were the men who, through him and other great leaders, gave independence to our country.

I have occupied your attention too long in the way of illustration, but let me say here that under the renovating influences of the mechanic arts and manufactures, agriculture starts from its sleepy couch as if touched by the wand of the charmer. Architecture is studied, houses are ventilated, lands are drained, machinery is invented and set to work, and trade and the pursuits of labor become respectable.

In view then of the great importance of the introduction of the mechanic arts and manufactures into our State, on a much more extended scale than hitherto, and of the great influence these shall have in developing the resources of Maine, and of retaining our population at home and drawing in capital from abroad, shall we not, as a Board, put forth all our efforts in this good work? Shall we not send forth word in season and out of season, contributing our mite, however humble it may be, to promote so desirable an end? Portland, Saco, Biddeford, Lewiston, Lisbon, and many other places too numerous to mention here, (and we hope soon to name the city where we are now assembled in the front rank) are beginning the work. But what a mighty power, what resources are slumbering yet on the Kennebec, the Androscoggin, the Penobscot and a host of other places, waiting, not for the moving of the waters, for the waters have been rolling down the long slopes and tumbling over the falls from of old; but waiting for men to come and improve their advantages, to build the blocks and put up the machinery, which, when put in motion, shall card the wool and spin the cotton and weave the cloth that shall clothe the millions. It will be one of the most important words which we can speak from this Board, a word for the good of our State, for the good of our children and posterity if we can say a word that shall tend to push along these vital interests of our State. For one step taken leads to another, and another; one improvement made leads to another. And it is to be hoped that the day is soon to come when envies and rivalries and jealousies between different sections and among cities and towns, shall be done away, and all shall unite, each in its own work, not in suppressing, hindering or overturning another's work; and thus, all shall strive to accomplish the greatest good of the whole.

Our State seems to be particularly adapted to manufactures and the mechanic arts. We not only have immense water power, but our soil is strong and productive, fitting it to produce all those crops needed to sustain a manufacturing population. And while this population can be easily supplied by the products of the land, in their immediate vicinity, they in turn afford markets at the manufacturing centers, scattered all over the different parts of the State. They mutually benefit each other. Agriculture benefits manufactures—manufactures benefits agriculture. What a decided influence the increased population of Lewiston for instance, within the last few years, has had in raising the value of lands and farming operations and products, in its immediate vicinity. This makes farming a paying business. Without a market the enterprising people of Maine never will be content to remain here and try to get a living by farming; for at the best they can get but a bare living, where there is no market, or a very poor one.

Now, if a population of ten thousand have such a decided influence in the vicinity of Lewiston, what would be the effect of a population of a hundred thousand in Lewiston? What would be the effect of many Lewistons scattered over every section of the State? It needs no figures of mine to convey conviction to your minds, or to the minds of the people of Maine, you can judge of this matter as well as I can. You can see that the building up of large manufacturing cities and towns in the different parts of the State, would make good markets in the State, and serve to develop its agricultural resources to a wonderful extent. This is the way to increase the value of land by increasing the value and demand for its products of the land, by furnishing a good market near the place where the productions of the earth are grown. This seems to me one of the ways of making farming profitable, making it a business of interest to our young men, making it the means of furnishing good homes, comfortable living and an enjoyable mode of life to the great mass of the people, the industrious, laboring people of our State. And it seems to me that if we can say a word to promote the interests of manufactures and the various mechanic arts, and their increased introduction into our State, into our cities and towns and villages, we are by so doing, taking one of the most direct methods of promoting the interests of agriculture, whose interests, we have met here to aid and strengthen.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Farm Embellishment.

We are far from believing that farmers have no eye for landscape gardening. The trouble is they think they have no time for it, or at least none for the careful details of gravel walks, flower gardens, lawns,—terraces and the like. Whatever they do must be on a large scale. We therefore beg leave to suggest a few hints to them.

They like to look upon large meadows, large grain fields, large wood-lots. Yet it often happens that their houses are surrounded by straggling masses of high trees, high fences and out-building, so that they and their families cannot see out and enjoy the fine landscapes around them. There is perhaps a broader interval lying below the knoll on which the house stands, dotted here and there by groups or single specimens of fine trees. Perhaps a creek or river winds though this valley, now sparkling in the sun, and now resting in shadow. Beyond it are sloping hills, covered in part with woods, and the cleared spaces enlivened with flocks of sheep and cattle. In another direction lies the village, with its church spires and its sunlighted roofs.

Now, would it not add much to the value of that homestead to have those prospects opened up, so that the family could enjoy them? And the farmer's axe could do nearly the whole of the work; do it, too, in the winter, when other work does not press for attention. All that is wanted is a little resolution to undertake the work. If some rickety shed or cow-house stands in the way, move it back out of the view. If trees obstruct, down with them. For, good and desirable as trees are when in their places, it sometimes happens that their absence is better than their presence. Yet, in advising that trees be cut down which hide desirable views, we do not mean that all the trees about a farm-house should be swept away; but rather that vistas be opened through them, by cutting down those which shut out the finest prospects from the doorways and windows. Indeed, it enhances the beauty of a landscape to leave groups of trees between them, to serve as frames for the several pictures. It may be true that the farmer himself owns only a small fraction of these several landscapes, but they virtually become his by mental appropriation. The prospects are his to enjoy, without the care and labor and cost of owning all the land. And in these days of high-priced labor, and these days when farmers will grow old and weary, this is a consideration of some importance.

And just here, comes in a hint worth noting. If the farmer's land does not extend widely on any particular side, he can give his homestead an appearance of greater dimensions by concealing its boundaries.—Instead of having a line of wooden fence or a stone-wall running across the fields in plain sight from his door, he can make a wire fence (invisible at twenty yards,) or a sunken fence, (the English *ha-ha*,) or he can conceal his fences by occasional groups of shrubbery. By a little management of this sort, one can accomplish some very pleasing results.

One of the most important features of every country-seat is the lawn. It is so of all places, large or small. It gives more permanent satisfaction than flower-borders, or fountains and vases and other artificial adornments. Now, the farmer is the man of all others who should have a fine lawn. He may not find the time to grade it with extreme nicety, or to keep it in the highest finish, but he can easily have a broad-sweeping surface of smooth grass around his house, and he can keep it in respectable condition.—Let him lay off from one to three or four acres in front or on two sides of his house, and having ploughed and harrowed it smoothly, sow it with timothy, red-top and a little white clover. Plant a few shade-trees upon it, both deciduous and evergreen. Lay out no walks or roads through it except such as are demanded by necessity or convenience. This lawn may be pastured by sheep or a few cows, or it may be kept under the scythe, cutting the grass near the house once a fortnight. But we need not specify just how the grass shall be managed, leaving that to the wants and taste of the farmer himself; only, give us this expanse of smooth turf sacredly reserved from all other uses, and we have given the lawn an aspect of elegance, repose and comfort which can be secured in no other way.

To embellish the farmer's home in the way now suggested, and to keep it in good order from year to year, it may not always be safe to leave the work wholly to the proprietor's moods, and to chance opportunities. It will be better for the wife and daughters to secure at the beginning of each year, the pledge of a weekly holiday, or half-holiday once a week, in which one or more of the farm laborers shall be at the bidding of the ladies to work at some kind of home embellishment. In the spring and fall, the work will be such as planting trees and shrubs; in summer, it will be making or clearing walks, mowing the grass and such like. By some systematic plan of this sort, there will be a great saving of household friction, and the place will be kept uniformly in good order.

But we need not pursue this topic into further details. Our object is simply to suggest a few thoughts to stimulate the farmer's ambition in the way of rural embellishment, and to show that the idea is one that can easily be reduced to practic.—REV. A. D. GRIDLEY *in Hovey's Magazine for May.*

Some of the Uses of the Pine Tree.

A Paris correspondent writes as follows;—"We are glad to hear that M. H. Schmidt Missler's products of the pine tree, forest wool, and other substances, are at present in active industrial developement in Paris Let us enumerate them rapidly:

Vegetable Wadding.—This preparation preserves all the properties of the pine; it evolves an aroma eminently wholesome. Dr. Schillbach recommends it as a most harmless but efficacious remedy in cases of catarrh, bronchitis, asthma, sore throat &c., &c.

Raw Vegetable Wool.—One-half cheaper than the ordinary wool mattresses. Those stuffed with this wool do not attract humidity; its odor and the ozone due to its resinous principles keep off or kill the insects.

Schmidt-Missler Flannel.—By reason of the resin, the tannin, and the formic acid it contains, it aids the exercise of the important functions of respiration, absorption, and perspiration, in a greater degree than ordinary flannel. It is at the same time a preservative and corrective agent which merits to become popular in Europe as it is in Germany, and can be woven into any of the forms for which flannel is used, such as mittens, waistcoats, drawers, socks, &c.

Etherated Pine Oil. Employed in friction, it has given unexpected results; in the first commencement of paralysis and apoplexy, in the case of recent burns, &c. Some German doctors recommend a few drops in sugar and water, to be administered internally as a remedy against cramps in the stomach, worms in children, neuralgia, dropsy, &c.

There are also the *Solid Extract of Leaves of the Maritime Pine, the Pine Spirit, and Pine Soap.* All those different products are a most simple but very valuable acquisition.

In the *Cosmos* of August 15, 1852, we had called attention to the first of the two establishments founded in Silesia, in the Prairie de Humboldt, by an ancient inspector of forests, M. Prennewitz, for obtaining various products, similar to those above enumerated, from the leaves of the pine tree."

Beet Sugar.

The manufacture of sugar from beet-root, it is believed is destined to become successful and an established branch of industry in this country, especially in the West where land is cheap, rich, and peculiarly adapted to the growth of the beet. We have several times referred to the sugar manufactury in Illinois, conducted by two Frenchmen, in which considerable capital is invested. Owing to the difficulty of working new machinery and the delay generally attendant upon any untried enterprise, it was not profitable last year. About 100,000 pounds of good sugar were produced. But this year about one thousand acres are planted with the beet, and it is confidently expected one million pounds of sugar will be made. Our cotemporaries in the West which have the best opportunities to judge of the state of the question, have not the shadow of a doubt of the success of the project, and that soon Illinois will soon be a larger exporter of sugar.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

The Squash Bug.

The season of squashes is fast approaching. In time of peace prepare for war. The squash bug makes its appearance in May and June. The first indication we have of their having commenced their depredation, is here and there a withered leaf, which is a sure sign of their first appearance. As soon as this is noticed, go into the patch and turn over the injured leaf, and you will find a small, whitish, hairy bug, eating the leaf, of an offensive smell. Grasp them with the hand and kill them; no matter if your hand is stained. Then turn over all the leaves, and here and there you will find clusters of eggs—small, brown, not larger than the head of a pin. Take an old case knife, and scrape them off, and in a short time all will be killed. Also near the roots of the plants, you will find a large black bug, or often two of them, adhering together—kill them, and by a little attention, the plants can be soon rid of the bugs. The sun hatches the eggs.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

Domestic Receipts.

DUTCH CHEESE. Put thick sour milk or fresh buttermilk in a suitable vessel, and set it over the fire where it will scald slowly, never having the heat greater than the hand can bear, if cooked too much it is dry and hard. As soon as the whey separates from the curd dip the whole carefully into a colander or seive, to let the whey run off, and squeeze the curd as dry as possible with the hand; then add sweet cream a lump of butter and a pinch of salt according to the amount of curd you have. Mix this well and press your cheese into a bowl, and you will have an excellent dish.

PEPPERMINT DROPS. One lb. of loaf sugar, powdered fine; the whites of two eggs beaten stiff; two drops of the oil of peppermint. Drop on paper and dry in a moderate oven.

SODA GRIDDLE CAKES. One pint of milk; two teaspoons cream tartar; one do. soda; flour to make a thin batter.—*Rural New Yorker.*

The Dogs and the Sheep.

The Commissioner of Agriculture says that according to the returns from 418 counties, 78,691 sheep have been killed by dogs within the last year, of the value of $331,609; the loss in Ohio from 1858 to 1868 inclusive, was $704,758, and that if the 3,926,812 sheep in Ohio give an annual loss of $117,459, the 32,695,767 sheep in the State reported would suffer an annual loss of $975,514. Thus the damage to the flocks by dogs in these States amounts to about a million of dollars per annum. He estimates the number of dogs in these States at 1,647,880, and concludes by recommending a national dog tax of one dollar per head, which would fully meet the damage done by them, and says that surely when legislation is demanded for the protection of wool and woolens, a tax so just should not be denied by Congress.

Black Knot.

B. D. Walsh, Editor of the Practical Entomologist, in stating that black knot is nothing but an assemblage of minute funguses, says that the kind that infest the plum is a distinct species from that found on the cherry, and he cites several instances in proof, where trees of the plum were full of the knot, while cherry trees standing within a short distance were wholly unaffected, although the spores were liable to be blown in profusion from one tree to another. He also states that the black knot on the chokecherry and wild black cherry differs in species from the knot which attacks the cultivated cherry.—*Country Gentleman.*

☞ C. C. B., of St. Albans, Vt., suggests the following as the best method of warming chilled lambs: Put half a dozen hot bricks in a bushel basket, cover them with fine straw, and put the lamb on the straw.—*N. E. Farmer.*

The Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Thursday, May 30, 1867.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

Mr. V. Darling is now engaged in canvassing the county of Cumberland, for the Maine Farmer.

Mr. Jas. Sturgis is on a visit to our subscribers in Kennebec County.

Cultivating the Sense of Sight.

Perhaps no one of the senses is capable of greater improvement than that of sight. It is said that when a person born blind is suddenly restored to sight, everything he sees appears to be close to the eyes. He has no idea of measuring distances by that faculty. Nor could he have any definite idea of the shape of objects, only as he becomes familiar with them. The story is told of the boy who had thus suddenly acquired his sight, but could not tell the cat from the dog only by touching them with his hand.

The faculty of having a good mechanical eye is largely dependent upon cultivation. Some persons cannot tell whether the edge of a board is straight or not. They cannot find out the inequalities in an imperfectly drawn square or circle. Now this faculty has not been cultivated. If more attention should be paid to the development of this power in our schools, instead of devoting so much attention to dead forms and useless puzzles, it would have a marked effect on the minds of the young. We well remember the time when it was a criminal act and met with severe punishment, for a pupil to be seen drawing a ship or a house on a slate, when it was one of the best exercises in which he could be engaged. Let a child learn to draw as straight a line as possible across a slate, or a circle or a square, and he will find a thousand circumstances in life where it will be of service. Ask a child to measure by guess a distance of two feet, and then apply the rule and see how near he succeeds. By this exercise you improve the judgment. Set up a pole and let him see whether it be perpendicular or not.

A correct eye is absolutely necessary to form a correct taste. You will see its development in the dress of a person; while to the mechanic the cultivation of this faculty is indispensable. We do not originally see objects as they are, and it is only by long experience that we can tell whether the wall of a house is perpendicular, or its sills level, or whether any object is square or round, by the sense of sight alone. The story is told of painters, who required their pupils to spend years in drawing a circle until the eye and the hand could coincide. The difference between a good and bad handwriting depends largely on the cultivation of the eye. To draw a graceful curve requires not only a good hand, but a correct eye.

We see this difference in men on their farms. One man will make a sled-stake as neatly and fitly as if he were engaged in the most important business. Another will have his stakes in his sled of all lengths, and leaning in all directions. One man's fences and buildings will exhibit an air of neatness, while another will show the sloven. These differences are largely the result of differences in education—the one accustomed to order, while the other cares for none of these things.

The Season. Our readers have been so many times told what they already knew before, that the season is very backward, that it seems quite useless for us to repeat the story; but, looking from our window upon trees and grounds whose appearance would indicate the first of May rather than the last, and having just returned from a brief visit to other parts of the State, where, if anything, the season is more backward than here, the fact forces itself so uncomfortably upon us that it is almost impossible not to allude to it. In this vicinity we judge the season to be about three weeks later than it was last year, and fully two weeks later than the average of seasons. Journeying from this city northward it is plain to notice from the trees and farming operations that in this locality things are much more forward than up river. Forty miles north of this place the earliest trees are scarcely in their first full leaf, while many kinds, such as the alder, grey birch, elm, ash, &c., give hardly any indication of renewing their foliage. At Norridgewock, in Somerset county, one sees the hills and mountains lying some thirty or forty miles to the northward, almost as completely covered with snow as in March, while heavy rains and cold northwesterly winds have prevailed to a great extent during the entire spring. Farming operations in the locality of which we speak are greatly retarded on account of the abundance of rainy weather, rendering much of the land intended for crops completely unfitted for cultivation,—and even if dry weather ensues from this time, it will be more than a week before the land will be in a condition to be worked. It is not an uncommon sight in riding through the country, to see land plowed for a crop last fall that has remained untouched to the present time. On the 24th inst., some farmers had not planted a hill or sown a seed, the majority of them being in the midst of planting potatoes, and a few, upon farms favorably situated, engaged in putting in their corn.

The season, though backward, is favorable to grass and fruit, and we may reasonably expect good yields of these crops—and they are two of the most important to our State. Let us therefore hope that though the opening of the year is somewhat inauspicious, its close will be such as to give us cause for rejoicing.

Augusta Academy. By Act of the Legislature last winter, the North Parish High School was incorporated as the Augusta Academy. The spring term was opened in March, by Mr. E. A. Daniels, member of Waterville College. We were present at the examination, and were much pleased with the deportment of the scholars and the general appearance of progress in the studies. We would make but one criticism. Judging from the recitations, more attention had been given to Latin translation than to English analysis, and the reading of French was better than the reading of English. Mr. Daniels is a young man of good scholarship and excellent moral and religious character. He devoted himself unsparingly to the interests of his pupils, and his instruction, precepts and example, have left a marked impression upon his scholars, which we trust will be lasting. He secured the high regard of the people of the community, and won the respect and love of his pupils. At the close of the exercises, a beautiful writing desk was presented to the teacher, as a token of the regard and affection of his pupils.

License Bill Defeated. In the Massachusetts House of Representatives on Thursday last, the liquor license bill recently reported by a joint select committee, after three days discussion was defeated by a vote of 161 against 64. The bill provided for licensing innholders and victuallers; also persons who sell in quantities not less than one gallon or in the original packages, and apothecaries. Cities and towns might refuse to license either or all of these classes and fix the sum to be paid for licenses. Every license to be given on condition that no public bar should be kept by the licensee; that he should not sell on Sunday unless he be an apothecary, nor to any minor or student or to any man whose wife requests him not to; no liquor sold by him to be drank on the premises unless he be an innholder or victualler. It provided that cider, beer and malt liquors might be sold by other persons who are regulated and under the supervision of the police. Notwithstanding the stringency of the provisions of the bill, it was defeated by a majority of more than two to one.

☞ Our friend and townsman, Orren Williamson, Esq., just returned from his farm at Potter's Landing, on the Eastern shore of Maryland, which he has cultivated for the past three years, showed us some specimens of vegetation there, which made us a little impatient of our own cold and backward season. Wheat stalks 4 feet 3 inches high nearly headed out, from a field of twenty-two acres, and clover measuring 3 feet 3 inches, from a field of 48 acres, on the 15th of May, show something a little better than we can do in Maine. The land when purchased by him three years ago had been worn out and exhausted by the system of wasteful and improvident cropping which has prevailed in Maryland and Virginia, but it has now been reclaimed by the liberal and judicious use of fertilizers and the adoption of Yankee methods of cultivation.

☞ The New England Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn., has failed, having notified its agents that it can no longer pay any losses on outstanding policies.

Meeting of the City Council.

Saturday, May 25, 1867.

The following orders passed: appropriating the sum of $100,000 for municipal purposes, agreeably to the report of the Finance Committee; authorizing the Street Commissioner to construct a plank sidewalk on the north side of Court street, between Water and Perham streets; authorizing the Engineer of the Fire Department to contract with Wm. Springer to take charge of the city team; authorizing the construction of water-closets on Kennebec bridge; directing the City Marshal to take immediate action to prevent fast driving across said bridge; instructing the Street Commissioner to examine the water course through Mrs. Ladd's premises, and take such measures as may be necessary for the protection of her property; directing the Street Commissioner to delay the building of the new street from Winthrop to Oak streets until further instructions; for the appointment of Alanson Starks as Liquor Agent under the law of 1858.

The report of the Committee on Fire Department, recommending the construction of three reservoirs, one at the junction of Kendall street and Northern Avenue, one at the junction of Bangor and Cony streets, and one at the juction of Green and Chapel streets; the report of the Committee on New Streets recommending the construction of a sidewalk from the west side of Water street near J. J. Fuller's store to the bridge crossing Bond brook on Mount Vernon Avenue, and the report of the Committee on Bells and Clocks that they have contracted with M. M. Swan for the care of the city clock on the same terms as last year, were all read and accepted.

The petitions of Ira D. Sturgis and four others, asking for a continuation of Eastern Avenue across Arsenal street to the river; of Frederic Brann and six others, asking for a sidewalk on Prospect street; of Thomas W. Turner asking for a sidewalk on Patterson street; of Hiram Choate and twenty others asking that "York street" be laid out and accepted by the city, and of Hiram Choate and sixty others, asking for sidewalks on Northeastern Avenue and on Washington street, were all referred to the Committee on New Street.

The petition of A. B. Farwell for an additional street lamp on State street, was referred to the Committee on Highways. Petition of Geo. W. Jones for an increase of salary, was referred to a joint special committee.

Bond of L. B. Lawton as Pound-keeper was approved.

A committee was appointed to make further arrangements for a Liquor Agency, and ordered to report at a special meeting of the Board of Aldermen, Wednesday afternoon, May 29th.

☞ From the Richmond, Va., correspondence of the New York *Herald*, we learn that Col. Briscoe G. Baldwin, for several years and up to the commencement of the war, Commandant of the U. S. Arsenal in this city, attempted suicide on the morning of the 18th inst. at his rooms in the Ballard House, Richmond. Col. Baldwin is a native of Virginia, and soon after the breaking out of the rebellion, resigned his commission as Military Store Keeper, in the U. S. service, and entered the rebel army. He served upon the staff of Gen. Lee at the head of the confederate ordnance department, until the surrender at Appomattox Court House, when soon after he became connected with the Southern National Express Company as one of its Superintendents, at Alexandria, Va., the duties of which office he discharged until the company became bankrupt. Since that time he has been without employment and in straitened circumstances. He was found in his room insensible from the inhalation of chloroform, but restoratives were immediately applied and his life saved. Letters to his friends were found in his room, which disclosed the fact that pecuniary embarrassments and the disastrous results of the rebellion preying upon his mind had superinduced the determination to end his existence. He said his prospects in the future were gloomy and disheartening; the past was full of bitter recollections, and he had determined to die rather than live in his native State (which he would not leave) in its present condition. Many of our citizens will remember Col. Baldwin as a gentleman of many fine qualities of mind and heart, social, generous, courteous, and at heart attached to the Union in whose service he was, but carried away by the heresy of State rights, entertained in common with other Southern men, which placed his allegiance to Virginia above that which he owed to his country. He and others have grievously suffered the consequences of this delusion.

Shepard Knapp in Massachusetts. Much interest is felt in Maine in the performances of Shepard Knapp, Jr., a promising horse raised in Buckfield, in this State, and owned by Mr. G. M. Delany, formerly of this city. Knapp's first appearance this season was at Riverside Park, Cambridge, on Friday, May 17th, in the purse for horses that never beat 2:33. He was not in good condition, and after winning the first heat in 2:33, was beaten by Ben. Franklin in 2:39¼, 244¼, and 2:46¼, Knapp coming out of the race dead lame. He was at the same time matched against J. J. Bowen's black stallion Draco Prince, for a purse of $2,000, to come off at Mystic Park on the 25th inst., and it was thought doubtful if he would start on account of his lameness. He was brought on the track, however, and although showing signs of lameness and soreness, he also displayed some splendid bursts of speed in the preliminary scoring that gave much encouragement to his friends. The stallion however, was in the best of condition, and in the pools brought about three to one for Knapp. As might have been expected, the gelding was beaten in three straight heats, although showing wonderful speed and contesting the race gamely to the last. The time made, viz.: 2:28¼, 2:29¼, 2.33¼, shows that the performance was a splendid one. Knapp, notwithstanding his lameness made the mile in the first heat in 2:29, and pushed the stallion hard all through the race.

The United States Circus and Menagerie. The boys are expecting a good time in witnessing the wonders of the Menagerie and Circus which is advertised to appear in this city on Monday next. The show of rare and curious animals, some of them of a description never seen in zoological collections, will be very interesting. Among them is a young Elephant, only a year old, three and a half feet high, and weighing about 300 lbs.; a herd of the Sacred Cattle of Hindostan; a Water Buffalo from the Hoogly river in India, and the Gorilla or Wild Man of the Woods. We are assured that it is one of the best Menageries ever exhibited in this State, and we have no doubt that it will be well patronized. The Circus will of course attract those interested in feats of horsemanship and other daring and skillful performances. Entertainments will be given in the afternoon and evening. In the afternoon the animals will be fed in the presence of the audience.

The Augusta House. It will be gratifying to our citizens and to persons visiting this city on pleasure or business, to know that the Augusta House, one of the finest hotels in New England, is to be re-opened on Monday, June 3d, under the management of a gentleman every way qualified for the position. The new lessee, Mr. J. H. Kling, is a native of Ohio, but for several years past has been successfully engaged in the banking and brokerage business in this city. His large business experience, his courteous, gentlemanly address, his familiarity with the wants and requirements of similar establishments, are an assurance that the guests of the house will receive prompt and polite attention, and that its reputation as a first class hotel will not deteriorate under his administration. We most heartily commend the Augusta House, under its new management, to the patronage of the public.

☞ It will be seen by the proceedings of the City Council on Saturday last, that Alanson Starks, Esq., has been appointed Agent for the sale of liquors in this city, under the provisions of the law requiring the establishment of such agency. The appointment is an excellent one. If the establishment of such an institution is required for the health or the convenience of the community, we know of no gentleman by whom its duties will be more conscientiously or satisfactorily performed.

☞ We have received from Mr. George Pullen of this city, some rice grown upon the Isthmus of Panama, which is said to mature in ninety days from the date of planting. It grows upon upland and yields enormously. He thinks there is no doubt that it will grow in Maine in ordinary seasons, and has distributed seed among some of his friends for the purpose of testing the fact.

The Pittsburg Boat Race. The great five mile sculling match for $1,000 a side and the championship of America, between James Hamil of Pittsburg and Walter Brown of Portland, took place near Pittsburg, Pa., at 4 o'clock on Tuesday last, and was witnessed by three thousand persons. Brown came in ahead—time forty-six minutes thirty seconds. Hamil claimed a "foul," alleging that just after passing the stake-boat and in attempting to pass Brown, the latter crossed his track and compelled him to back water to prevent a collision. The judges, however, after consultation, disallowed Hamil's claim and awarded the race and championship to Brown.

Walter Brown arrived home on Thursday. He was warmly greeted by his friends in Portland. His health is excellent, though his weight is reduced from one hundred and eighty-nine pounds, what it was when he began training for the race, to one hundred and fifty-seven pounds. The editor of the *Star* gives the following account of the race obtained in an interview with the successful champion:

"He informs us that he found himself, as the time for the race approached, working against heavy opposition. Hamil was everywhere the favorite. The Down-Easter was sneered at, and bets were offered and freely taken on Hamil, four to one, and in some cases six to one, that Brown would not show an inch ahead at any time of the race, and that Hamil would lead from the start. The treatment he received from the sporting community generally was disgraceful, but he acknowledges the fidelity of his trainer, Fred Deirst, and Messrs. Fred and Dan Wolff, all German Turners, who stuck to him nobly.

A long and severe training, added to the fact that he was battling against heavy odds, over a difficult and tortuous course, somewhat dampened our champion's courage as the time for the race approached, and he had become tired and disgusted, and longed for the trial to be over. The start commenced at the bridge across the Monongahela, three-quarters of a mile above the mouth of the Alleghany, across the mouth of that river, which is half a mile wide, down the Ohio to the stake-boat—the longest two and a half miles, Mr. Brown says, that he ever rowed. The strong and conflicting currents of the two rivers, and the crookedness of the course, making the route one of the most difficult ones that could have been chosen in the country.

The race was called for between two and three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, but was postponed until four o'clock on account of the severe storm. Immediately after the contestants got into their boats, the storm, which had lulled, began again with redoubled vigor. Hamil was the first on the line, and sat muffled in an overcoat, while Brown, who was leisurely pulling up, was exposed to the rain and got completely saturated.

The agreed signal was the words "Are you ready?" followed by a pistol shot from one of Hamil's judges. An attempt was made to give Hamil a stroke advantage by discharging the pistol after the word "Are," but Brown anticipated the trick, and both parties took the water at the same moment. Brown's first stroke put his stern even with Hamil's out-rigger; the second cleared him, and the gap was quickly widened two lengths, when Brown took Hamil's water. The rowers kept in this position until they reached the Alleghany water, which Brown did not understand. Here Hamil came up and lapped his bow on Brown's stern, hang there until within a quarter of a mile of the stake-boat, Hamil trying to crowd Brown against a canal boat on the Temperanceville shore.

As they approached the stake-boat, Brown saw that Hamil had lapped in such a manner as to take the inside position away from him, and so deprive him of the right to turn; so Brown pulled away two lengths, and when he was turning, Hamil run his bow on Brown's stern. Both headed toward the bridge with the boats locked in the manner described; but as soon as they were fairly on their course, Hamil's boat unlocked and Brown pulled away smartly. Hamil made a brush and brought his bow on Brown's stern again, and both went to the Glass Works in this position; a mile and a half from the bridge.

When the boats separated, one of the crew of Hamil's attending boat jumped up and drew a revolver on Brown, and threatened to shoot him, but the latter paid no heed, and when he struck the Monongahela water again, Brown began to widen the gap, and soon left an opening of six lengths. Just then Hamil's brother hailed him and told him to stop, as Brown had fouled him, and he was entitled to the race. Hamil pulled a few strokes and stopped, half a mile from the bridge. Brown then pulled leisurely to the stand. He was greeted with tumultuous applause; the feeling which had been so strong against him at the start quickly turning in his favor. Mr. Brown started for home that night at 10.20, and up to that time neither Hamil nor his friends had made any claim for a foul. Whatever transpired afterwards between representatives of the parties is not known, only that the award was finally given where it belonged—to Mr. Brown. He was apprised of the award Wednesday, in New York, by telegraph.

The distance from the starting to the stake-boat, measured two and a half miles, in an air line; but the rapid and strong current, and the tortuous winding of the channel made a distance pulled of at least six miles."

The Amendments to the Liquor Law. On Monday next, the question of ratifying or rejecting the amendments to the liquor law by the last Legislature, will be submitted to the people. By these amendments, a term of imprisonment of from one to six months is added to the existing penalties for the first and second offences. For a single sale of intoxicating liquors, first conviction, thirty days imprisonment; second conviction, sixty days. For being a common seller, first conviction, three months imprisonment; second conviction, four months. For keeping a drinking house, first conviction, three months imprisonment; second conviction, six months. Search and seizure process each conviction, imprisonment three months. These penalties are to be imposed in addition to fines and costs, as provided by the existing law. Those who believe that the law as it now stands is not sufficiently stringent and effective for the purpose of suppressing or restraining the sale of intoxicating liquors, will vote Yes. Those who think the present penalties severe enough for the purpose, and only requiring faithful and uniform enforcement, will vote No.

☞ There has lately been placed over the remains of Gen. Seth Williams, at Forest Grove Cemetery in this city, a beautiful monument in the form of a perfect Grecian cross standing about five feet high, bearing this simple inscription:

Seth Williams
U. S. A.
Born March 22, 1822,
Died March 24, 1866.

The cross is of the best quality of Vermont Statuary Marble, was designed by a gentleman in Detroit, Mich. The form of the letter used for the inscription is that known as the early Saxon. The design is most chaste and simple, and the work has been executed in fine style by Messrs. Turner & Hampson of this city.

The Guilt of Mrs. Surratt. In his testimony before the Judiciary Committee, Gen. Baker, late Chief of the National Detective Police, made the following statement concerning the guilt of Mrs. Surratt:

"During my visits to the prisoners, before their execution, Mrs. Surratt confessed to me her complicity with the conspirators so far as the intended abduction was concerned, but affirmed that she reluctantly yielded to the urging of Booth in aiding the plot of assassination. He insisted that her oath of fidelity bound her to see the fatal end of the conspiracy."

☞ It has been stated in the papers that the Directors of the Portland & Kennebec Railroad have decided to put on a train to connect with the Portland & Boston Express train, leaving Augusta for Portland at 4 P. M., and returning same evening. Such an arrangement would be very satisfactory to our citizens, but the statement is premature. We are informed that the plan is in contemplation, but has not yet been definitely decided upon. Due notice will be given when arrangements for the purpose have been made.

☞ The Kennebec *Journal* says that Mr. John G. Adams a few days since slaughtered three spring lambs, three and a half months old, weighing respectively forty, thirty-seven, and thirty-two pounds. They were raised and fatted by Leonard C. Jones of Hallowell, and are beauties.

☞ The citizens of Bangor have voted by a large majority, to raise by loan the sum of $200,000, to be appropriated in aid of the construction of the Bangor and Piscataquis Railroad. This with other subscriptions and loans of credit will make certain the building of the road.

☞ The President will not come to Boston on the 24th of June. He has accepted an invitation of the city authorities of Raleigh, N. C., to be present at the ceremonies of laying the corner stone of a monument to be erected over the remains of his father, on the 4th of June.

☞ The *Musical Monitor* is the name of a neatly printed and well-filled sheet in quarto form just issued in this city by R. M. Mansur, devoted to "Music, Masonry, Temperance and Education." It is to be published monthly at 40 cts. per annum.

☞ The Portland *Star* learns that a new society of Second Adventists has been organized in this city—Rev. Thomas Rines, pastor.

Editor's Table.

The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby. By Charles Dickens. With original illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1867.

This is the fourth volume of the "Diamond Dickens," issued from the press of Ticknor & Fields, elegantly printed, illustrated and bound. It is incomparably the best edition of the complete works of the greatest of living novelists which has yet been published in this country—and the cheapest. "Nicholas Nickleby" is one of the earliest and by most of the readers of Dickens is regarded as the best of his novels. Almost every character in the story stands out in the memory as of some one we have known and had intercourse with, so marked is its individuality, so natural and true to life. John Browdie, Newman Noggs, Mr. Mantilini, Tim Linkinwater, the Brothers Cheryble, the Phenomenon, Smike, The Squeerses, Miss LaCreevy and Miss Knag, are familiar to us as every day acquaintances, and remain as fresh in our recollection as when we first read the book nearly thirty years ago. Those of the present generation who have never read the book have a rare pleasure in store for themselves. And this is true of all the author's works. None who read them can fail to derive the rarest enjoyment, and can hardly fail to be better and wiser from their perusal.

The illustrated edition costs $1.50 per volume; an edition precisely similar without the plates is furnished for $1.25.

On the Border. By Edmund Kirke, author of "Among the Pines," &c. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is a thrilling story of the war of the rebellion. It is founded upon facts communicated to the writer during a visit which he made to the army of the Cumberland in the year 1863, and which he has woven into a romance. He assures us in his preface that "whenever he speaks of known and living men, he writes authentic history and only in describing subordinate characters does he give any play to his imagination." Mr. Gilmore's power of vivid description and animated narrative, is as marked as in any of his previous works and the book is intensely interesting. For sale at Fenno's.

Stephen Dane. By Amanda M. Douglass, author of "In Trust," &c., Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Those who have read the admirable story "In Trust," by this author, will be delighted with another essay from her pen in a similar vein. These seem to us to be among the best specimens of the domestic novel which have lately appeared in this country. The impression which her stories leave is pleasing and cheerful; her style is natural and easy, and her skill in the delineation of character worthy of the reputation of a more experienced writer. Stephen Dane is a very interesting story. Fenno has it for sale.

Every Saturday for June 1, contains a sketch of Jacques Collot, a French artist; A Railway Adventure; the continuation of several interesting stories; an appreciative notice of Recent Lectures and Writings by Emerson, &c. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Price 10 cents.

Magazines for June. The magazines for the month are promptly on hand, filled as usual with excellent reading, and elegantly illustrated. Each of them has its special excellencies and merits, and each its large and increasing list of readers and admirers. All of them amply deserve the popularity they enjoy and the patronage they receive. The following is the list so far as received:

The Atlantic Monthly. Devoted to literature, science, art and politics. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. Terms $4 per annum.

The Galaxy. An illustrated magazine of entertaining reading. Published monthly by W. C. & F. F. Church, New York. Terms $3.50 per annum.

Harpers' New Monthly Magazine. Illustrated. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York. Terms $4 per annum.

Hours at Home. A popular monthly of instruction and recreation. Edited by J. M. Sherwood. Published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York. Terms $3 per annum.

Arthur's Home Magazine. Edited by T. S. Arthur and Virginia F. Townsend. Published by T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia. Terms $2.50 per annum.

Godey's Ladies Book. Edited by Sarah J. Hale. Published by L. A. Godey, Philadelphia. Terms $3 per annum.

The Lady's Friend. A monthly magazine of literature and fashion. Edited by Mrs. Henry Peterson. Published by Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia. Terms $2.50 per annum.

The following is a list of attractive and popular illustrated juvenile magazines for the month:

Our Young Folks. An illustrated magazine for boys and girls. Edited by J. T. Trowbridge, Gail Hamilton and Lucy Larcom. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. Terms $2 per annum.

The Riverside Magazine. For young people. Published by Hurd & Houghton, New York. Terms $2.50 per annum.

The Children's Hour. A magazine for the little ones. Edited by T. S. Arthur. Published by T. S. Arthur & Son, Philadelphia. Terms $1.25 per annum.

The Nursery. A monthly magazine for the youngster readers. By Fanny P. Seaverns. Published by J. L. Shorey, Boston. Terms $1.50 year year.

All these publications can be obtained at Pierce Brothers' Periodical Depot, Water street.

Dr. C. B. Lighthill at the Mansion House. Those afflicted with any disease of the eye, ear, throat or lungs, should lose no time in placing themselves under the treatment of Dr. C. B. Lighthill, whose success in his profession, is so well known and attested among our own citizens, that further comment is unnecessary.

To the public:—This is to certify that Dr. C. B. Lighthill benefitted my hearing very much, in a short space of time, and judging from present indications, I have no doubt that my hearing will soon be entirely restored under the skilful treatment of Dr. Lighthill. I shall be happy to relate all about my case to those interested, upon calling me.

Elihu Hayes, his X.

Mansion House, May 24, 1867.

Blindness, Deafness and Catarrh. Testimonial of Mr. J. H. Parker, from the Lewiston *Journal*:

Lewiston, May 11, 1867

I have been a great sufferer from chronic catarrh. When I applied to Dr. Carpenter I was suffering from it in its most loathsome form. It annoyed me constantly, and was gradually destroying my health. Under the course prescribed by Dr. C., all the worst symptoms have disappeared, and I experience very little inconvenience from it, and am satisfied that I shall receive a permanent cure by following the treatment a short time longer. Hundreds of dollars would not induce me to be again, afflicted as I was when I consulted the Dr. Any person interested can see me at my place of business, opposite Lewiston House.

J. H. Parker.

Dr. C., arrived at the Sagadahoc House, Bath the 27th Ma-, and will remain until June 22nd only.

The Burial Place of Booth. The History of the Secret Service during the rebellion, recently published by Gen. Baker, contains the following statement in regard to the final disposition of the remains of the assassin of President Lincoln:

"With the assistance of Lieut. L. B. Baker, I took the body from the gunboat direct to the old Penitentiary, adjoining the old Arsenal grounds. The building had not been used as a prison for some years previously. The Ordnance Department had filled the ground floor cells with fixed ammunition—one of the largest of these cells was selected as the burial place of Booth—the ammunition was removed, a large flat stone lifted from its place, and a rude grave dug; the body was dropped in, the grave filled up, the stone replaced, and there rests to this hour all that remained of John Wilkes Booth."

The Wheat Crop of the West. The report of the Agricultural Department for April says:

"Never has there been so general an expression of encouragement, in view of the fine condition of winter wheat, since the establishment of the present system for the collection of crop statistics. In more than nine-tenths of the reports received, the condition of the crop is reported as favorable and promising. From the South the returns are as cheering as from the West. Here and there it is stated a smaller breadth of land from lack of labor, or from bad weather in the fall, was sown or drilled. In a few places winter killing is reported."

☞ Tebbett's Physiological Hair Regenerator is the wonder of the day! It soils nothing, restores white and gray hair perfectly, prevents its falling off, is a luxuriant dressing and a toilet idol. Partridge, Druggist, keeps the genuine.

Bills of State Banks. Our subscribers and agents are requested not to send us bills on State banks, as they are no longer redeemable except at the counters of the banks issuing the same.

☞ Ladies will be glad to learn that a choice assortment of Flower Seeds can be found in this city at Partridge's Drug Store.

For the Maine Farmer.

"The Moustache."

Messrs. Editors:—In your issue of May 9th is a leader with the above heading, and as that useful and highly ornamental appendage seems to have no champion, I will say a brief word in its favor, that, to some extent justice may be done it, and perhaps prevent a wholesale and indiscriminate "slaughter of the innocents," which the influence of that article would tend to produce, and in speaking of the moustache, I will include a full beard, as the writer of the article referred to does.

The first question to answer is, *why should men wear beards?* First, because, when man was created he was given a beard to protect and beautify his face, and perhaps to show to the world that he was a man, and not a woman, which so many effeminate men try to resemble by shaving their faces; second, each hair of the head is furnished with a distinct gland, elaborately and beautifully complete. Under the facial are innumerable nerves, immediately connected with various organs of the senses, ramifying in every direction and performing most important functions. This hair when in full growth, forms a natural protection to the nerves, and also holds, as it were, in suspension, a quantity of warm air, through which the cold air in breathing passes, and so becoming rarified or temperate, enters the lungs without giving to their delicate texture that severe shock which arises from the sudden admission of cold, so often the forerunner of fatal disorders. This hair wards off damp winds, a prolific source of toothache and other pains, and so tends to preserve the teeth. Third, it is said that there is an intimate connection between the moustache and the nerves of the eye, and that many diseases of the eye are tracable to shaving; any one who has shaved knows that tears are often started by the application of a dull razor, and every member of a band who has blown a wind instrument knows, and will testify that in order to keep a good "lip," the upper lip should not be shaved. Fourth, shaving, by depriving the lungs of their natural protection, by exposing them to the uninterrupted action of cold air tends to weaken the chest, which weakness being transmitted in an increased proportion, from generation to generation, at length induces consumption and consumptive tendencies. Fifth, people who wear their beards under their chins are seldom troubled with sore throats. I am acquainted with ministers who have told me they were obliged to do this on account of throat difficulties. Sixth, shaving stimulates an undue growth, and thereby draws too largely on, and causing an unnatural action of the nerves—producing an injurious effect on the brain. Besides, how ridiculous it looks to see a man in the act of being shaved, and how foolish to see a man on a cold winter's morning cutting off that which nature has provided as a fortification, and going out in the cold muffledup in woolens. Seventh, it is a waste of time. It takes at least fifteen minutes, on an average, for a man to shave, and if he is determined to make his face resemble a woman's, he must shave every day, which, in fifty years, amounts to five hundred and seventy days, of eight hours each; is it not *wicked* to mar the form that God has made in his own image, and squander so much of our brief life in this *barber*-ous manner?

These reasons for wearing the beard might be added to an almost indefinite extent, but space will not admit, so I will leave the reasons for, and notice some of the arguments against the practice of wearing beards. The editor asks, "why not let the finger-nails and toe-nails grow long like birds' claws?" It seems to me that he is literally "driven to extremities" to find a parallel where there is no similarity at all, yet I will answer that. When man was created he was created with finger-nails and toe-nails, the same as horses are provided with hoofs, to protect the extremities in the same manner, and I don't believe that nature ever designed man to carry a knife to trim them with, else he would have been provided with a pocket to put it in. It is a law of our bodies—a wise provision of the animal economy—that the supply of material is always equal to the demand, and *only* equal, therefore we have a perfect right to infer that if man had not taken to the foolish and expensive habit of wearing boots and shoes, their toe-nails would have grown only fast enough to supply the "wear and tear" of the article. The editor further asks, "why not let the hair grow down to the feet, and why brouse off the hair from the upper lip to get a little food into the mouth?" I wonder if the gentleman is quite consistent; does he shave off his whiskers, his moustache, his eye-brows, the hair from his head, and pull out his eye-lashes? If the principle he advocates is a true one, he must do all these things, else his practice does not correspond with his preaching, and a man's theory is not of weight unless backed by his practice.

He further states as a fact, "that there is no earthly reason why, because a goat wears a beard, that a man should try to make himself look like a goat." A goat wears a beard for a very good reason,—God made him so, and man should wear one for the very same reason, and not commit an outrage on nature and make himself look worse than a goat. Why don't this editor try to get a law through the Legislature making it the duty of all owners of goats to have them shaved twice a week?—it would improve the expression of their countenances so much.

He says also, "we dislike to see a man after dinner with a portion of his food lodged on the spot where his chin ought to be." Perhaps every man does the same, but I cannot see much difference between a slovenly dropping of food on one's beard, and on his chin, supposing there is no beard there, which of course he is just as likely to do.

He says again, "we suspect such a man as being not very affectionate towards his wife and children if he does so. *No sensible woman would allow it if she could help it.*" This last clause I stamp as a base slander on the female sex. There is not one woman in ten who does not prefer a man with a beard, and some appearance of manhood in him, to these sleek-faced, feminine looking specimens who shave for fear they shall look like men—or who are still more unfortunate and cannot raise a beard at all. And if you ever do find a woman who objects to beards you may set them down at once as sour old maids, who upon the "sour grapes" principle, hate all men, and of course the more manly they are, the more they hate them. This is the kind who "set their faces against beards."

Again he says, "for a burglar or a robber to go marked in this way may be better for his purpose, but for an honest, christian man to conceal an honest face is positively damaging to his character." There is a vein of facetiousness in the above that is positively entertaining, and I cannot help smiling as I see, in my mind the three Bowdoinham Bank robbers, clean shaved and sitting in a row at their trial at Bath and compare them with such men as Grant, Sherman and Fremont. He certainly has "put his foot in it" this time, and got the cart exactly where the horse ought to be. Always look out for these smooth faced Rodins, Shylocks and Stiggins, but trust an honest beard—that's my rule.

He furthermore thinks it "indicates a small brain to see a man spending his time to nourish a moustache." In the name of common sense does it take as much time to *let a thing grow* after it is planted, as to mow it down every day in the year?

I have touched upon the principal points alluded to in the article referred to, and think of some things that I would like to add, but this article is already too long, though I have only touched on some points that should have been treated at greater length.

There are doubtless many married men who are made to believe by their wives, poor credulous souls, that they prefer to see them in that unnatural state—possibly this same editor may be one of them. Wonder if it ever occurred to him that wives with a little bit of jealousy do not care to have other women think *their* husbands good looking? Perhaps he has tried only one style, and thinks that because he is somewhat fascinating *without* moustache that it is from this cause; but let him just raise a good looking moustache (if he can raise one) and I will predict that his attractiveness will be increased ten fold, but would not advise him to do so if his wife is in the least jealous.

The question is now open and I would suggest the idea of extending to the ladies the right of suffrage on this subject, and would be willing to be governed by the decision of the ladies in the Farmer and Banner offices, as I think they would be competent and unbiased judges in this matter.

—"its an American idea
To make a man a man and let him be."

Which is also the idea of Juniper.

☞ Gen. Butler is on an official visit to the U. S. Military Asylum at Togus.

Telegraphic News Dispatches.

Tuesday, May 21th.

Mobile, May 21. A Court of Inquiry is ordered to convene here to investigate the disturbance on the 14th inst.

Col. Shepard issued an order this morning retaining all the present policeman. The city government will not be disturbed. The military will only take cognizant of particular cases.

Charleston, S. C., May 21. Gen. Sickles has issued an order prohibiting the distillation of spirits from grain in the Second Military District. Offenders are declared liable to trial and punishment by a military commission. The reasons assigned for this order are, that in the present scarcity the supply of food in the Carolinas is seriously decreased by the large quantity of grain consumed in distilleries, worked in defiance of the revenue law; that this unlawful trafic makes food dearer in places where a large number are depending upon public and private bounty; that the government is defrauded of a large amount of revenue; that the authority of civil officers is brought into contempt; and that the mischief complained of tends to increase poverty, disorder and crime.

New York, May 21. Jefferson Davis and family left this afternoon for Montreal. A few personal friends were present to say good bye, but any demonstration was avoided.

St. Louis, May 21. Gen. Hancock has ordered two companies of cavalry to be stationed at Chalk Bluffs, two at Monument, two at Big Timber Station on the Smoky Hill route. He will also put a military guard on the route from Lookout to Lake Station inclusive—which with the additional men employed by the Union Pacific Railroad and Express companies, it is believed will give entire security to the mail and travel across the Plains by this route.

San Francisco, May 21. A telegram from Unionville, Nevada, says there is an excitement about rich discoveries of gold in River district. The lodes are large and well defined.

The Indians of Idaho are driving off stock and shooting settlers in every direction.

The savages are generally well armed. General Cook left on the first of the month for a twenty days scout.

Wednesday, May 22.

Mobile, Ala., May 22. An order was issued this evening by the order of Major General Pope, deposing the present Mayor and Chief of Police, and appointing Gustavus Horton Mayor, and Colonel Dinon, Chief of Police.

Mobile, Ala., May 22. Ex-Mayor Mathews, in a letter to Colonel Shepherds, says he submits to the argument of the bayonet and vacates his office. He adds that he was elected to office while a paroled prisoner and was not allowed by the military to discharge its duties until he had been pardoned by the President and had taken an oath to support the Constitution and the Government. He says during his continuance in office he has not been untrue to the letter and spirit of his oath, and solemnly protests against the imputation implied by his removal. He in conclusion thanks Col. Shepherd for the uniform kindness and consideration with which he has been treated.

New York, May 22. The Union League Club of this city holds a meeting to-morrow evening for the purpose of taking into consideration the conduct of Horace Greeley, a member of that club, who has become bondsman for Jefferson Davis, late chief officer of the rebel government.

Mr. Greeley has written a very sharp letter in reply to a notice to attend the meeting, in which he defies the club, and demands that they shall expel rather than censure him, if they consider his conduct reprehensible.

Washington, May 22. The next Treasury monthly statement will show a slight increase in the public debt, owing to the large amount of $25,000,000 recently paid as interest on the public securities and the smallness of the receipts from internal revenue sources,—which, according to the estimates, will not exceed $15,000,000 for the present month. The revenue, however, will be largely increased in June, the income tax being then due.

Watertown, N. Y., May 22. Last night at one o'clock the steamer Wisconsin was burned three miles from Cape Vincent, and from 25 to 30 lives were lost. The boat was ran on shore on Grenadier Island, above Cape Vincent, and all the passengers who obeyed the Captain's orders and remained on board were saved. The steamer belonged to the Northern Transportation line, and was upward bound. The steamer is probably a total loss. Among the lost are the mate, two engineers and the steward.

Cape Vincent, N. Y., May 22. The propeller Wisconsin lies about six rods from the shore, and is a total loss. She had about 70 passengers, but it cannot be ascertained as yet how many were lost. Seven bodies have been found.

Atlantic City, N. J., May 22. The steamship Santiago de Cuba, from Greytown, Nicaragua, for New York, with 350 passengers from California, is ashore here. Six persons were drowned while attempting to land. The passengers are now landing.

Atlantic City, N. J., May 22. *Later*—This morning, about 4 o'clock, the steamship Santiago de Cuba went ashore on the beach, about six miles below the city. She belongs to the Nicaragua Steamship Co., and was bound to New York, with 400 souls aboard. The life boat was unfortunately capsized and five persons were drowned. Two others were afterwards drowned. An inquest has been held and a verdict returned of accidental drowning.

New York, May 22. Special dispatches from Washington say the information of the failure of Frazier, Trenholm & Co., of Liverpool, England, agents of the rebel Government in Europe, which reached this city to-day, caused some excitement. The State Department had instituted suits in the English Courts against the firm for the recovery of vessels, cotton, munitions of war and other property of the Confederacy, held by them. The suits cover several millions of dollars. It is understood that the United States Government is amply secured, and will incur no loss by the failure.

Thursday, May 23.

New York, May 23. The morning papers contain the following:—

From all accounts the Fenian warriors are again about taking the field in large numbers for the invasion of Canada.

A movment toward organization and concentration is general throughout the northern and western portion of New York and other States.

A messenger has been dispatched by the head circles to call the Brethren to arms, and 30,000 men are to be concentrated on the border within a month. The Commissariat is said to be well served in large supplies of army stores already warehoused in the vicinity of St. Albans.

Gen. Spear is to command the invading army. On the other hand the Canadians are alive to the danger and are actually preparing to defend themselves.

New York, May 23. A petition for Jeff. Davis pardon is being circulated by Southern men in Washington, and it is said that the head rebel himself is no longer averse to suing for clemency.

The trial of John H. Surratt will commence in Washington on Monday, Judge Edwards Pierpont having been engaged by the government in addition to the other counsel.

Friday, May 24.

Cincinnati, May 24. A terrible affair occurred day before yesterday in Madison, Indiana. Preston Christie and James McClelland, both old men, became involved in a law suit about a sale of corn. The parties met and McClelland asked for a private settlement. Christie made an evasive answer, when McClelland drew a revolver and shot Christie through the breast, inflicting a wound which caused his death. The next day McClelland on returning home after the fatal encounter seemed so overcome with remorse that he shot himself through the breast with the same pistol. His wound was also mortal and he died the following day.

New York, May 24. At a special meeting of the Union League Club, held last evening at their rooms on Seventeenth street, for the purpose of taking into consideration the recent action of Horace Greeley, a member of the organization, in becoming bondsman for Jeff Davis, a resolution of censure was presented and rejected, but at last fully passed, condemning the bailing of Jeff Davis, but not deeming it proper for the Club to stigmatize a member for any such act. The meeting was violent and stormy.

Toronto, May 23. George Albert Mason, a Southern spy suspected of being connected with the plot to assassinate President Lincoln, left here to-day for New York, accompanied by an American detective, to give evidence against Surratt, and also a robbery in which he took part when with Mosby's guerillas.

Saturday, May 25th.

Washington, May 25. To-day several witnesses summoned by the Government in the case of John H. Surratt, arrived here and reported themselves at the office of the District Attorney. Louis J. Wiechman, one of the principal witnesses in the trial of the conspirators, has been here severaldays. District Attorney Carrington and his assistant, Wilson, will be aided in the prosecution by Hon. A. J. Riddles, formerly of Ohio, and Judge Pierpoint of New York.

There seems to be some doubt as to the trial being commenced Monday, and it is surmised that the Government will abandon the charge of murder, or ask a continuance of the case until another indictment can be found.

The defence, represented by Messrs. Bradley and Merrick, will insist on trial, and the question will be argued on Monday at any rate.

Attorney General Stanberry was examined two hours before the Judiciary Committee to-day.

The internal revenue receipts for the week were $2,450,466.90.

New York, May 25. Judge Kelley arrived at Charlotte, N. C., on Thursday morning from Augusta, Ga., and was very cordialy received by the Mayor and several ex-confederate officers. He addressed a large meeting at 5 o'clock last evening in front of the Court House which was composed mostly of whites and was frequently applauded. While at Charlotte he received invitation to visit Concord, Salisbury, Greenville and Danville.

The *Herald* says the Messrs. Starr of this city have turned out 1500 rifles per week for the last four months, and intimates that they are for the Fenians. They shipped one hundred 9 and 11 inch guns about a month ago, which it is supposed are also for the Fenians.

Mobile, May 24. Ira M. Parker, the defaulting President of the First National Bank of Selma, Ala., who was confined in jail, escaped yesterday and plunged into the river and drowned himself.

The Mayor of Mobile has been petitioned to appoint half of the police force negroes.

Monday, May 27th.

Washington, May 27. In the Surratt case to-day, U. S. Attorney Carrington and Judge Pierrepont briefly argued in favor of the postponement or continuance of the case until another term, owing to the absence of important witnesses. The case was postponed to the 10th of June.

The Secretary of State has received a despatch from London, announcing that the capital sentences of the Fenian leaders Burke and McCafferty, have been commuted to imprisonment for life.

New Orleans, May 27. A dispatch from Brazos, via Galveston, says a letter from the American Consul at Monterey confirms the report of the capture of Maximillian.

The reply of President Juarez to Minister Campbell recounts the grievances of his party in consequence of the conduct of Maximilian. He justifies previous executions and declines to promise the safety of Maximilian in the event of his capture.

Booth's Diary. By order of the President, the following extracts have been published from the diary taken by Col. Conger from the body of Booth, at the time of his death. The diary bears the date of 1864, and the leaves cut or torn from it probably contained entries for that year, and were removed by Booth himself. Col. Conger declares that it was when taken precisely in the condition in which it now appears. The only writing in the book has now been published, to satisfy the public desire to understand more fully the grounds of the charges made by Gen. Butler in Congress. Secretary Stanton and Gen. Holt confirm Col. Conger's statement that the book has suffered no mutilation:

"Tiamo, April 13 and 14. Friday the Ides. Until to-day nothing was ever thought of sacrificing to our country's wrongs. For six months we had worked to capture, but our powers being almost lost something decisive and great must be done. But its failure was owing to others who did not strike for their country with heart. I struck boldly and not as the papers say. I walked with firm steps through thousands of his friends and stopped, but pushed on. A Colonel was at his side. I shouted *sic semper* before I fired. In jumping I broke my leg. I passed all his pickets and rode sixty miles that night with the bone of my leg tearing the flesh at every jump. I can never repent it, though we hated to kill. Our country owed all its trouble to him, and God simply made me the instrument of his punishment. The country is not what it was. This forced Union is not what I have ever loved. I care not what becomes of me. I have no desire to outlive my country. This night before the deed I wrote a long article and left it for one of the editors of the *National Intelligencer*, in which I fully set forth our reasons for our proceedings. He or the Government——

Friday, 21st. After being hunted like a dog through swamps, woods, and last night being chased by gunboats until I was forced to return, wet, cold and starving, with every man's hand against me, I am here in despair, and why? For doing what Brutus was honored for; what made Tell a hero; and yet I, for striking down a greater tyrant than they ever knew, am looked upon as a common cut-throat. My action was purer than either of these, viz.: one hoped to be great; the other had not only country's, but his own wrongs to avenge. I hoped for no gain. I knew no private wrong. I struck for my country and that alone. A country that groaned beneath this tyranny and prayed for this end; and yet, now, behold the cold hand they extend to me. God cannot pardon me if I have done wrong. Yet I cannot see my wrong, except in serving a degenerate people. The little, the very little I left behind to clear my name, the Government will not allow to be printed. So ends all.

For my country I have given up all that makes life sweet and holy, brought misery upon my family, and am sure there is no pardon in Heaven for me since man condemns me so. I have only heard of what has been done, except what I did myself, and it fills me with horror. God try and forgive me and bless my mother.

To-night I will once more try the river with the intent to cross through. I have a greater desire and almost a mind to return to Washington, and in a measure clear my name, which I feel I can do. I do not repent the blow I struck. I may before my God, but not to man. I think I have done well, though I am abandoned with the curse of Cain upon me, when, if the world knew my heart, that one blow would have made me great, although I did not desire greatness.

To-night I try to escape these bloodhounds once more. Who, who can read his fate? God's will be done! I have too great a soul to die like a criminal. Oh! may He, may He spare me that, and let me die bravely. I bless the entire world. Have never hated or wronged any one. This last was not a wrong unless God deems it so, and it is with Him to damn or bless me. And for this brave boy with me, who often prays, yes, before and since, with a true and sincere heart, was it crime in him? If so, why can he pray the same? I do not wish to shed a drop of blood, but I must fight the course. It is all that is left me."

Foreign News. The following is a summary of the news from Europe received via the Atlantic Telegraph during the past week:

Dublin, May 20. The Fenian prisoner McCafferty, convicted of high treason, was to-day sentenced to be hanged on the 12th of June.

London, May 20. The latest and most trustworthy accounts received here of the recent fighting in the Island of Crete appear to confirm the report that Omar Pasha has been defeated by the Cretans.

London, May 21. Earl Derby says officially that the American question will be amicably adjusted. The proposition made some time since to arbitrate the whole case has been refused.

Berlin, May 21. A horrible plot has just been discovered in Hanover, having for its chief purpose the assassination of King William and Count Bismarck. Several notable personages in this city are involved in the plot. Numerous arrests both here and at Hanover have been made of persons believed to be implicated, and it is thought that by these timely precautions the scheme has been frustrated."

London, May 23. Her Majesty the Queen has issued her Royal proclamation declaring the Union of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick under one government, to be called the Dominion of Canada. Appended to the proclamation is a list of the Senators appointed by the Queen to the Upper House of the New Canadian Legislature, in accordance with the provisions of the bill for Confederation recently passed by the British Parliament.

Vienna, May 23. The Austrian Minister at Washington has been instructed by his Government to enter into negotiations with President Juarez of Mexico, with a view to securing the safety of the Emperor Maximilian in case he should fall in the hands of the Liberals.

Cork, May 24. The Fenian prisoner McClure, on being arraigned for treason entered a plea of guilty.

Paris, May 24. The frigate Jean Bart, of the French West India squadron, has been ordered to proceed to New York to take the monitor Dunderberg to France. The Jean Bart is now lying at Annapolis, Maryland.

Liverpool, May 24. Advices received here from Hong Kong say it was reported there that the United States gunboat Ashuelot had bombarded a town in the Island of Formosa, the natives of which murdered the shipwrecked crew of the American barque Rover.

Mexican News. The following paragraphs contain the latest intelligence of the war in Mexico:

The *Picayune's* special correspondence, dated Orizaba, May 3d, says:—

The city of Mexico is now surrounded by 20,000 Liberals, the bombardment has commenced in earnest.

The garrison numbered 8,000 men, under the command of Marquez, who had announced his intention to resist to the last. He had impressed all the water carriers and porters.

None of the officers are to receive quarter from the Liberals. Indeed, orders have been issued that Miramon, Marquez and Maximilian were to be shot if captured.

Since the surrender of Puebla, the Imperialists have not had over 16,000 men in the field all told.

Matamoras, Mexico, correspondence, dated May 10th, says a series of important battles have taken place in front of Queretaro. The Liberal force besieging the town is estimated at from 20,000 to 25,000 men.

Juarez has levied a prestomos to the amount of two million dollars. Immediately after the receipt of Secretary Seward's letter he issued orders in reference to the treatment of Maximilian, saying his life should be spared and it was feared Escobedo would have the unfortunate prisoner assassinated, notwithstanding orders to the contrary, that General was sent to command an expedition against Canales, who had rebelled in the North.

The friends of Mr. William B. Bradbury, the well-known composer of chart music, will be glad to learn that his health has greatly improved. He has disposed of his manufactory of piano-fortes, designing hereafter to devote himself to musical composition and arrangement. At present he is engaged with Dr. Lowell Mason and Mr. Theo. F. Seward in the preparation of a new collection of church music, which is to be issued early in the fall.—*N. Y. Musical Gazette.*

☞ The best spring medicine for cleansing, purifying, renovating and strengthening the system, is the compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock and Dandelion, sold by Titcomb & Dorr, Druggists, in quart bottles, for one dollar a bottle. tf

☞ It is composed of several of the most penetrating and healing specifics known to the materia medica. The inventor of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment was in the constant and successful practice of medicine for more than twenty years.

☞ Parson's Purgative Pills may be used in all forms of diseases with the most decided benefit, and without fear of injury. Try them.

Farmers may learn, by refering to our advertising columns, something to interest them, especially how to gain from 15 to 20 days in ripening corn in a backward season.

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Special Notices.

CLEANSE THE BLOOD.

With corrupt or tainted blood, you are sick all over. It may burst out in Pimples, or Sores, or in some active disease, or it may merely keep you listless, depressed and good for nothing. But you cannot have good health while your blood is impure. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA purges out these impurities; it expels disease and restores health and stimulates the organs of life into vigorous action. Hence it rapidly cures a variety of complaints which are caused by impurity of the blood, such as *Scrofula, or King's Evil, Tumors, Ulcers, Sores, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose Erysipelas, Tetter or Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Cancer or Cancerous Humors, Sore Eyes, Female Diseases, such as Retention, Irregularity, Suppression, Whites, Sterility, also Syphilis or Venereal Disease, Liver Complaints, and Heart Diseases.* Try AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, and see for yourself the surprising activity with which it cleanses the blood and cures these disorders.

During late years the public have been misled by large bottles pretending to give a quart of Extract of Sarsaparilla for one dollar. Most of these have been frauds upon the sick, for they not only contain little, if any, Sarsaparilla, but often no curative in- Hence, better disappointment has followed gredient whatever. the use of the various extracts of Sarsaparilla which flood the market, until the name itself has become synonymous with imposition and cheat. Still we call this compound, "Sarsaparilla," and intend to supply such a remedy as shall restore the name to its good repute. We think we have won back the confidence of the sick, by the cures it is daily effecting. Those who have tried it know what virtues it possesses, and are irresistible by the class of diseases it is intended to cure. We can assure the sick, that we offer them the best alterative we know how to produce, and we have reason to believe, it is by far the most effectual purifier of the blood yet discovered.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is so universally known to surpass every other medicine for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Hoarseness, Croup, Bronchitis, Incipient Consumption; and for the relief of Consumptive Patients in advanced stages of the disease, that it is useless here to recount the evidence of its virtues. The world knows them.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & Co., Lowell, Mass., and sold by all Druggists and dealers in medicine everywhere.

For sale by C. K. PARTRIDGE, Druggist, Augusta. 2m17

DR. AYER'S MEDICINES,

Sold in Augusta at FULLER'S Drug Store. 21

READ THE CERTIFICATE OF REV R. T. FLUALIN.

TO DR. HOSTETTER:

Dear Sir:—This is to certify that I was taken with the dyspepsia a year ago last March, and, for a period of eight months was one of the most miserable creatures you ever beheld, not being able to eat, drink or sleep, and was compelled to walk the floor incessantly. I was nearly deprived of my reason, and hope had entirely left me, all the efforts made for my recovery having proved fruitless.

By the first of November, 1865, I had become so weak and feeble that I could scarcely stand alone, and, to all appearance, would soon die. At this time (having read your advertisement), my wife prevailed upon me to try your bitters. A bottle was procured, and, strange to say, I soon commenced recovering. I have taken four bottles, and am enjoying as good health now as could be expected for one of my age (about sixty years). I have no doubt that it was your Bitters alone, under Divine Providence, that effected this wonderful cure.

Hudson, Mich., August 20, 1866. 4t21 R. T. FLUALIN.

SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILL.

A Certain Cure for Diseased Liver and the many Dangerous Maladies which are caused by a morbid condition of the Liver.

To give the public a clear understanding of the mode in which SCHENCK'S Mandrake Pills produce those wonderful effects which are attested by thousands of reliable witnesses, we present a brief

DESCRIPTION OF THE HUMAN LIVER

and its functions, which will make the operation of this popular medicine perceptible to every man's understanding.

The liver is supplied with blood vessels, nerves and absorbents. One of its obvious uses is to secrete and prepare the bile. It likewise filters the blood and separates the fluid from all impurities. How indispensably necessary to health is the proper performance of this function! If the liver is diseased, it cannot purify the blood, and if that is sent back through the lungs, brain and other parts in a morbid condition, it must cause jaundice, biliousness, obstruction of the kidneys, gravel, and many other complaints more or less painful and dangerous, but the least of them quite enough to make a man sick and uncomfortable, and unfit for the performance of any of the duties of life. This unhealthy state of the system very often ends in pulmonary consumption.

The circulation of the blood is conducted in this manner: The heart sends the vital current down through the arteries; it passes through the flesh, taking up all impurities in its progress; then the stream of blood flows backward through the veins, and passes to the liver to be purified. It is impossible to cure consumption, scrofula, or scarcely any other kind of ulceration while that important organ, the liver, is diseased. It is for that reason that "regular physicians" rarely cure consumption. They usually begin their treatment with the use of some cough medicine, the basis of which is morphia or opium in some shape, which locks up the liver instead of relaxing the secretions, giving a tone to the stomach, and producing a healthy flow of bile. Dr. Schenck's

Pulmonic Syrup, Seaweed Tonic, and Mandrake Pills,

will strengthen the system, purify the blood and ripen and heal ulcers on the lungs.

A volume would be required to give a brief account of the remarkable cures performed by Dr. Schenck's medicines, viz.: Pulmonic Syrup, Seaweed Tonic, and Mandrake Pills—all of which are accompanied by full directions for the use of them.

DR. SCHENCK will be professionally at his principal office, 32 Bond street, New York, every Monday, and 35 Hanover street, Boston; from A. M., until 3 P. M. He gives advice free, but for a thorough examination with the Respirometer the charge is five (5) dollars. His medicines are for sale by all druggists and dealers. Also a full supply at all times at his rooms. Price of the Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic, each $1.50 per bottle, or $7.50 the half dozen. Mandrake Pills 25 cents per box.

GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., 38 Hanover street, Agents for Boston. For sale by all druggists. eowly51

DR. SCHENCK'S MEDICINES,

old in Augusta by TITCOMB & DORR, Druggists. 15

DR. SCHENCK'S MEDICINES,

Sold in Augusta at FULLER'S Drug Store. 21

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.

As an internal remedy, has no equal. In cases of cholera summer complaints, dyspepsia, dysentery, asthma, it cures in one night, by taking it internally, and bathing with it freely. It is the best liniment in America. Its action is like magic, when externally applied to bad sores, burns, scalds, and sprains. For the sick headache and toothache, don't fail to try it. In short, it is a Pain Killer.

Thomas S. Ranney, writing of DAVIS' PAIN KILLER, from Rangoon, Burmah, says: "It is becoming popular; and in several instances I am assured that the cholera has been arrested, and life preserved by its use. The late prevalence of cholera here has swept off about all the Pain Killer I had, and purchasers looking to me for a supply will be disappointed by my inability to supply them. Please send me an invoice of $150 worth by the first opportunity." Sold by all medicine dealers. 1m21

The Mother can rely upon Mrs. Winslow's

SOOTHING SYRUP to give rest and health to her child. It not only relieves the child from pain, but regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and will carry the infant safely through the critical period of teething.

Be sure and call for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," having the *fac simile* of "CURTIS & PERKINS" on the outside wrapper. All others are base imitations. 25

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP,

Sold in Augusta at FULLER'S Drug Store. 21

DR. SWEET'S INFALLIBLE LINIMENT.

THE GREAT EXTERNAL REMEDY, CURES.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Stiff Neck and Joints, Bruises, Headache, Gout, Lumbago, Sprains, Cuts and Wounds, Toothache, Sores, Ulcers, Burns and Scalds, Chilblains, Bites and Stings,

Also the most efficient remedy for LAMENESS, SPRAINS, GALLS, SORE THROES, &c., in horses.

GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Boston, Manufacturers and Sole Agents. Sold by all Druggists. 16sep15

It will be a great Blessing to the afflicted to know that they can positively be cured of neuralgia, nervousness, painful nervous affections, headache, debility and nervous prostration, by partaking of an occasional dose of DR. TURNER'S Diodoireaux or Universal Neuralgia Pill. The extraordinary power of this invaluable medicine is proved by a mass of evidence and testimonials, a gothenorics have it. Principal Depot, 130 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass. Price $1 per package by mail, two postage stamps extra. 3m24

MOTH & FRECKLES.

The only reliable remedy for those brown discolorations on the face called Moth Patches and Freckles, is PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. Prepared only by Dr. B. C PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by all druggists in Augusta and elsewhere. Price $2 per bottle. 6m15

FISHER'S COUGH DROPS.

This certain and effectual cure for Coughs and all diseases of the throat and lungs, has been generally known throughout New England for the last sixty years, and is warranted to cure, or the price will be refunded. Prepared by GEORGE W. WALLINGFORD, grandson of the late Dr. Fisher.

NASON, SYMONDS & CO., Proprietors, Kennebunk, Maine. G. C. Goodwin & Co., Boston Agents. Sold by all Druggists. 3m13

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

With B. T. BABBITT'S pure Concentrated Potash, or ready soap is Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or ley in market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make fifteen gallons of soft soap. No lime is required. Consumer will find this the cheapest Potash in market. B. T. BABBITT,

9m15 54, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington St., N. Y.

FOR COUGHS, COLDS & CONSUMPTION,

Try the old well known VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALSAM, approved and used by our *oldest and most celebrated physicians* for forty years past. Get the genuine.

6m3 REED, CUTLER & CO., Druggists, Boston, Proprietors.

Do not neglect that Cough to wear and tear the constitution through the Summer months. Nothing is more emaciating than a cough in hot weather. COE'S COUGH BALSAM is a cheap and speedy cure. 1t35

COE'S COUGH BALSAM,

Sold in Augusta by TITCOMB & DORR, Druggists. 15

MONMOUTH MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Notice is hereby given that a special meeting of the members of Monmouth Mutual Fire Insurance Company, will be held at the Town House in Monmouth, County of Kennebec, on Friday the 14th day of June next, at 2 o'clock P. M., to transact the following business, to wit:

First, To choose a Moderator to preside at said meeting.

Second, To see if the company will vote to accept of the Act additional to the Charter of the Company, passed by the last Legislature, and approved February 18th, 1867.

By order of the Directors. JAMES G. BLOSSOM, Sec'y. Monmouth, May 23, 1867. 3t25

BEDDING OUT PLANTS.

Choice Verbenas, 30 varieties; Dahlias, Roses, Geraniums, Petargoniums, Petunias double and single, Fuchsias, Carnations, Feathertops, &c., &c., a variety of Japan Lilies.

Bangor May 22, 1867. 4t25 ALBERT NOYES.

The Markets.

AUGUSTA PRICE CURRENT.

TUESDAY, May 28, 1867.

[Corrected weekly by J. MCARTHUR, J. HUSON & CO., C. H. MULLIKEN & CO., and A. G. STORER, successor to Cony & Farrar.

Flour,	$13.00 to 22.00	Clear Salt Pork,	$18.00 to 20.00
Corn Meal,	1 50 to 0 00	Mutton ℔ lb.	8 to 13
Rye Meal,	1 50 to 0 00	Spring Lamb ℔ lb,	13 to 17
Wheat,	none	Veal,	6 to 9
Rye,	1 30 to 1 50	Turkeys ℔ lb,	18 to 22
Corn,	1 45 to 1 50	Chickens ℔ lb,	18 to 21
Barley,	1 25 to 1 50	Clover Seed,	15 to 20
Beans,	3 00 to 3 75	Herdsgrass,	3 50 to 3 75
Oats,	90 to 95	Red Top,	1 00 to 1 75
Potatoes,	70 to 75	Hay ℔ ton,	30 00 to 35 00
Dried Apples,	14 to 15	Lime,	1 75 to 0 00
Cooking Apples,	1 00 to 1 50	Fleece Wool,	40 to 45
Butter,	25 to 30	Pulled Wool,	45 to 50
Cheese,	18 to 20	Sheep Skins,	1 00 to 2 50
Eggs,	18 to 20	Hides,	9 to 10
Lard,	14 to 15	Calf Skins,	20 to 25
Beef,	10 to 13	Lamb Skins,	40 to 0 75
Round Hog,	11 00 to 12 50	Wood, hard,	5 50 to 7 00

CATTLE MARKETS.

AT BRIGHTON, CAMBRIDGE AND MEDFORD

WEDNESDAY, May 22, 1867.

At market:	Cattle.	Sheep.	Hogs.	Veal
Last week,	1424	2488	2157	900
This week,	1330	5845	1600	750
One year ago, (May 23,)	1400	5172	1700	600

PRICES.

BEEVES—Extra qual.... $14.50@14.75 | Per 100 lbs. on the total
First quat..... 14.00@14.50 | weight of hide, tallow,
Second do..... 13.50@14.00 | and dressed beef.
Third do..... 12.50@13.00 |
Poorest grades of oxen, bulls, &c., $11.50@12.00

WORKING OXEN—$160 to 360; handy steers, $90 to 000, or a little above their value as beef.

MILCH COWS—$50@75; Extra, $80@115; Heifers; farrow, $40@60.

SHEEP ℔ lb., 7@9c; Shorn, 5@7c.

HIDES—Brighton, 9½@10c; country lots, 9@9½c. CALF SKINS 20@22c. TALLOW, 8@8½c ℔ lb.

PELTS—Lambs, 50c; Shorn, 25c ℔ lb.

SHOTS—Wholesale, 8½@9c; retail 9½@10c ℔ lb.

DROVES OF CATTLE FROM MAINE.

M. Hutchinson, 10.

REMARKS. There is not so large a supply of Beeves in market as there was last week, but the supply of sheep is larger. There were but a few cattle from Maine in Market. Nearly half of the Western Beeves were brought in on Saturday, and several hundred were disposed of on that day. Trade is not so active as it is when the markets at Boston are quicker than they have been for the past few days. We have not noticed any sales of cattle higher than 15c, 39 per cent. shrink.

SALES OF MAINE CATTLE. M Hutchinson sold 4, average weight 1460 lbs at 14½c ℔ lb, 30 ℔ cent sk. There are but few cattle from Maine during the summer months.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—DROVES FROM MAINE.

No sheep from Maine are reported at market.

The supply of sheep and lambs in market is larger than it was one week ago. The larger portion of them came from the West, and were mostly consigned to butchers who took them direct from the cars to their slaughtering establishment. One lot of 170 Western sold for 9?c ℔ lb; 129 New York sheep at 8½c ℔ lb; 124 at 9c, 30 at 9c, 26 at 9c ℔ lb.

VEAL CALVES. About 750 calves at market, nearly all as usual, sold on commission.

PORTLAND MARKET.

PORTLAND, May, 25, 1867.

APPLES—Green ℔ bbl. $0 00@0 00; Sliced, ℔ lb. 16@17.

BUTTER—Country ℔ lb25, @28, Choice Table, 28@33; Store 18@20.

BEANS—Marrow ℔ bush. $0 00@0 00; Pea $4 00@4 25; Blue Pod, $3 50@3 75.

CHEESE—Vermont ℔ lb new, 20@21c; Country 15@18.

FISH—Cod, large shore, ℔ quin. $6 00@6 75; large Bank ℔ quin $5 25@6 00; small Bank, ℔ quin. $3 50@4 00; Pollock, ℔ quin. $3 25@3 50; Haddock ℔ quin. $2 00@2 25; Hake $2 00@2 75; Herring, shore, ℔ bbl., $6 00@7 00; Scaled ℔ box, 35c@45c; No. 1 Herring ℔ box, 20@25c; Mackerel, ℔ bbl. — Bay No. 1, $18 50@19 00; Bay No. 2, $00 00@00 00; Shore No. 1, $19 50@20 00; Shore No. 2, $00 00@ 00.00, Shore No. 3, small $0.00@00.00

GRAIN—Rye, $1 75@1 85; Oats 90@95c; mixed corn, $1.30 @1.35; Yellow, $1.35@1.38; Barley, 1 10@1 25c; Shorts per ton $40@45.

HAY—℔ net ton, pressed, $35@40 00; loose $38@42.

HIDES AND SKINS—Western 18@19; Slaughter Hides, 9½ @ 10c; Calf Skins, 20@00; Lamb Skins 1 00@1 25.

PRODUCE—Potatoes ℔ brl, $2 00@2 25; Beef ℔ lb., 10@ 13c; Eggs ℔ doz., 20@22c; Turkeys, 20@25c; Chickens, 17@ 20c; Geese, 20@23; Onions, $1 25@1 50 ℔ bush.; Lamb, 18@20c; Veal 10@12c.—*Price Current.*

BOSTON MARKET..... May 25.

FLOUR—Western Superfine, $11@11.50; Common extras at $12.50@14.00, Medium extras at $15.00@16.00; and good and choice, including favorite St. Louis brands, at $17.00@21.00 ℔ bbl.

CORN—Western mixed, $1.23@1.28; yellow, $1.36@$1.36

OATS—Northern and Canada, 88@95c ℔ bush; P. E. Island 00@00c.

RYE—1 85@1 90 ℔ bush. Shorts $41@$45; Fine Feed $47@47; and Middlings at $50@50 ℔ ton.

WOOL—42@73c ℔ lb, as to quality, for fleece and pulled.

HAY—Sales from $49 to $45.

NEW YORK MARKET..... May 27.

FLOUR—State, $10.25@7.53; round hoop Ohio, $13.00@15.25 Western, $10.25@14.70, Southern, $13.20@17.75; Canada dull,

WHEAT—No. 2 Milwaukee now, $2.65@2.69; Milwaukee Club 00.

OATS—Mixed western. 0.00@1.35.

Married.

In Augusta, May 19th, by Rev C F Penney, R H Eldridge to Emma E Cross; also Ziba P Hanks to Caroline Lewis, all of Augusta.

In Etna, May 19th, by Rev E W Withee, Franklin Haskell to Caroline Buswell, both of Stetson.

In Litchfield, May 18th, by Rev D Blake, George E Lancaster of Bowdoinham to Martha E Baker of S ichmond.

In Winslow, May 22nd, by Rev J Binsmore, Capt John Henry Varney to Julia Bassett, both of Winslow.

Died.

In Augusta, May 25th, Mc A Wight, aged 43 years.

In Belgrade, May 17th, Jason Richardson, aged 70 years. [Mass papers please copy.]

In Fairfield, May 22nd, Nathaniel Atwood, aged 88 years.

In Readfield, May 14th, Geo G Lane, aged 37 years.

In Greenville, May 16th, Frank son of Milton G and Eunice S Shaw, aged 13 years.

In Sidney, May 21st, Maria B wife of H B Wyman, aged 35.

In Skowhegan, May 5th, Abel Homsted, aged 76 years.

FARMERS! READ THIS.

HOW TO GAIN HALF A MONTH IN RIPENING YOUR CORN.

THE SEASON IS LATE AND COLD.—Every farmer and gardener should use BRADLEY'S SUPER-PHOSPHATE. It matures a crop from two to three weeks sooner than barnyard manure, which is admitted by all who have used it. No delay should be allowed in sending in orders.

JOHN B. WETHERELL, Hardwick, Mass., says:—"Where I used Bradley's XL Super-phosphate, my corn matured fifteen to eighteen days earlier than when I did not use it, and my crop was more than doubled."

E. V. FOSTER, Northampton, Mass., says: "I can safely say that where I used Bradley's Phosphate the corn was fully two weeks earlier than where I used stable manure."

SAMUEL WILEY, Amherst, Mass., says: "My corn planted with Bradley's XL Phosphate was fully twenty days earlier than that which had no Phosphate, and the crop was more than doubled"

WILLIAM VOSE, Smithfield, R. I., says: "I tried Bradley's XL Phosphate on corn, potatoes, cucumbers, cabbages, peas, cucumbers squashes, and several other kinds of garden vegetables, and they were all fifteen to twenty days earlier than when manured with stable manure."

ELIJAH WOOD, Concord, Mass., says: "I tried Bradley's XL Phosphate with nine other fertilizers and it proved by far the best.

FRANKLIN NEWLAND, of Hardwick, Mass., says: "The corn on the half of the field where I applied Bradley's XL was considerably better than where I used hog manure, and besides was fifteen days earlier."

N. B. Those who have been unable to get my Phosphate for Planting, are advised to use it at the first hoeing, on corn potatoes, and garden vegetables. A small handful scattered round the plants then, and slightly covered with earth, will show its effects immediately after the first rain. A change in color of the plants will be noticed at once, and you will be surprised to see the quick start it gives to them, and more surprised at the end of the season to see the large increase of crops, and maturing them at an earlier date. Try it and be convinced.

TURNIPS

Should never be raised without using 300 to 400 pounds of Bradley's Super-Phosphate per acre at the time of sowing the seed. It will double the yield, and double the value, as to quality, for feeding stock.

Note the following from the distinguished English Chemist, Dr. Johnson:

"The same kind of turnips grown on the same field, one with Phosphate and the other with farm-yard manure, presents this striking difference in the proportion of Phosphate contained in the ash of turnips:—The one grown on Phosphate yielded 30 per cent of Phosphate, while the manure turnip contained only 11 per cent. of Phosphate. This could not fail to make an important difference in their relative value for the feeding of stock whose bones are growing, and which require a large amount of Phosphate in their food.

DR. JAS. F. W. JOHNSON, F. R. S. S., L. E."

BUCKWHEAT.

Where Bradley's Super-Phosphate has been used in growing Buckwheat, the reports of its effects are even more astonishing than any other crop: 250 to 300 pounds to the acre, harrowed in with the seed, on poor soil, is sufficient to make a heavy crop. My Agents everywhere are authorized to guarantee it to give entire satisfaction to all who wish to try it for Buckwheat. Manufactured only by

WM. L. BRADLEY,
24 Broad St., Boston.

Sold by Dealers throughout New England. 2t25

LATEST STYLES!

MRS. M. B. HODGES, No. 6 North's Block, would call the attention of the ladies of Augusta and vicinity, to her splendid stock of Millinery consisting of latest styles of bonnets and hats, French flowers, ribbons, laces, straw, crystal and pearl trimming, mourning bonnets and veils constantly on hand and made to order. Bonnets and hats bleached and pressed at short notice.

Mrs. H has also a full line of fancy goods consisting in part, of Corsets, Gloves, Sack and Dress Buttons, Collars and Sleeves, Drop and Velvet Dress Trimmings. Also an extensive assortment of False Hair, Curls, Front Pieces, Bands for the back. Confident of her ability to suit her numerous patrons in style, price and quality, as the stock surpasses anything of the kind ever offered before in Augusta, and grateful for past favors, she solicits a continuance of the same.

Augusta, May 23, 1867. 5t25

HOW TO SAVE YOUR MONEY.

Buy your Hoop skirts and Corsets at MILLETT'S. He keeps constantly on hand the best line of Skirts ever shown in this city at the lowest prices known since the war; also, a large and complete assortment of American, German, and French Corsets, all warranted to give perfect satisfaction.

TRIMMINGS! TRIMMINGS!!

Just received, a full line of Dress Trimmings, also a fine assortment of Ladies' Kids, Gloves, Cotton Hose, Sun Umbrellas, Parasols, Fans, and all articles usually found in a Fancy Goods Store, at A. D. MILLETT'S,

25tf Cony's Block, Water St., Augusta, Me.

NOTICE TO VOTERS.

CITY OF AUGUSTA, May 27th, 1867.

The inhabitants of the said City of Augusta, qualified to vote for State officers, are hereby notified to assemble at their respective Ward rooms on Monday, the third day of June next, at 10 o'clock A. M., then and there to give in their votes in relation to an Act approved March 1st, 1867, entitled "An Act additional to and amendatory of Chapter 55 of the Laws of 1848, for the suppression of drinking-houses and tippling-shops."

Those in favor of the Act will vote "YES;" those opposed will vote "NO."

The polls to close at 4 o'clock P. M.

25 W. P. WHITEHOUSE, City Clerk.

AUGUSTA HOUSE,

State Street, Augusta, Me.

WILL BE RE-OPENED JUNE 1st, 1867.

J. H. KLING, Proprietor.

Transient rates from $2 to $2.50 per day. Free carriage to and from the cars and boats. 25tf

NOW READY.

A new One Horse Buckeye Mowing Machine. At the Great National Field Trial, June, 1866, held at Auburn, N Y, the first premium, a grand Gold Medal was awarded to the Buckeye Mowing Machine.

M G BROOKS, Agent for Augusta and vicinity. 4t25

GREAT UNITED STATES CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE,

Will Exhibit at

Augusta on Monday, June 3, 1867.

TWO POPULAR BRANCHES OF AMUSEMENT —IN— ONE ENTERTAINMENT.

NEW AND MAGNIFICENT OUTFIT!

Carriages, Cages, Band Chariot, Horses, Harnesses, Trappings, &c.,

And Superb Paraphernalia Generally.

BOTH SHOWS IN ONE,

For One Price of Admission.

AFTERNOON & EVENING. 25

THE MONITOR MOWER.

The most simple, practicable, lightest draft, and easiest managed machine in the world (the Dirigo not excepted). The success of the Moulter is without parallel. It embraces every point necessary to make a perfect mower. The principal points in the construction of the Moulter are, to wit:

1st, Two drive wheels free from all gear, working independent of each other.

2nd, A new application of gearing, constructed on purely scientific principles (called plandary gear), whereby the intermediate shaft and journals are dispensed with, reducing a great amount of friction and forming the most simple, powerful and compact gear ever applied to a mowing machine.

3d, A perfect joint by which the finger bar is attached to or taken from the machine, without the use of pins or bolts, which cannot get loose by wear, as is the case with the joint bar and cranks. It will allow the bar to work below a level as well as above, both ends conforming to all uneven surfaces of the ground, and in leaving the field can be folded in a perpendicular position, without leaving the seat or stopping the team.

4th, The pole is so arranged that it bears its weight only on the horse's necks.

5th, It is instantly thrown into or out of gear by the hand or foot.

It is fully warranted to give satisfaction in every particular by the manufacturer—F. NISTWOITZ, Williamsburg, N.Y. All wishing to purchase a Mower this year by writing the Agent can obtain a circular giving further particulars, prices, sizes &c., who will furnish the Mower to all desiring it, east of the Kennebec river, at his residence or by sub Agents.

M. E. RICE,

Stetson, May 20, 1867. General Agent for Eastern Maine.

P. S. The subscriber gave the above Mower a fair test last year and believe it as much an improvement over other Mowers as was the little Monitor over Iron clads, &c. 6t25

HUTCHINS' IMPROVED FUMIGATOR.

For the Destruction of Ticks on Sheep, Lice and other Vermin on Cattle, Plants, Vines, &c.

PATENTED OCTOBER 23, 1866.

Diploma awarded at the N. E., & Vt. State Fair, Sept. 1866.

One pound of tobacco will smoke 100 sheep, and it will take from two to three hours to do it, according to the closeness of the wool—the length of the wool is no objection.

TOBACCO SMOKE will kill Ticks on Sheep, Lice and all other Vermin on Cattle, Horses, Trees, Plants and Vines.

It will kill the STRIPED BUG on your Vines, and they will not touch them again for a number of days if at all.

It will rid your Currant and Gooseberry Bushes of all kinds of Vermin. Cover your Currant Bushes with a cloth, and smoke out that greatest of pests, the Currant Worm.

For sale by C. H. Dunning, Bangor, Me.; Kendall & Whitney, Portland, Me.; Homan & Badger, Augusta, Me.; George H. Emerson, North Castine, Me.; C. R. Pike, Calais, Me.; J. Brock & Co., No. 51 and 52 N. Market St., Boston. And by the trade generally. A liberal discount made to the trade.

☞ Sent to any address on receipt of $3.

ISAAC HUTCHINS ? Jr.,
eop25tf Wellington, Me.

H. P. WESCOTT'S Adjustable DASH CHURN.

First Patented Aug. 1863, Improvements Patented April 1865 and Nov. 1866.

This Churn is now regarded by all the Agriculturist and Dairymen of the country, and have had an opportunity to examine it, as the best churn yet offered to the public,—embracing as it does the principle of the old Dash Churn, adding thereto important improvements to *secure the very best quality*, and *the largest quantity of butter with the least labor*. The last improvement is in the shape of a barrel, also the construction of the cover, which is reliable, and easy to raise the Dasher; adjusting the upper dasher outside the Churn, above the lever, by means of a malleable slide, or clasp, and thumb screw. We make seven sizes of these Churns, holding from 5 to 30 gallons, in the best manner and of the very best quality of White Oak. Retail price—No. 1, 30 gal., $16; No. 2, 5 bbl., $14; No. 3, ½ bbl., $12; No. 4, ½ bbl., $10; No. 5, 1–5 bbl., $8.

H. P. WESCOTT, Supt.

4t25 Seneca Falls Churn M'f'g Co., Seneca Falls, N. Y.

PERUVIAN SURUP:

A PROTECTED SOLUTION OF THE PROTOXIDE OF IRON, supplies the Blood with the LIFE ELEMENT, IRON, giving strength, vigor and new life to the whole system.

If the thousands who are suffering from DYSPEPSIA, DEBILITY, FEMALE WEAKNESSES, &c., would but test the virtues of the PERUVIAN SYRUP, the effect would not only astonish themselves but would please all their friends; for instead of feeling cross, "all gone" and miserable, they would be cheerful, vigorous and active.

A DISTINGUISHED JURIST WRITES TO A FRIEND AS FOLLOWS:

I have tried the PERUVIAN SYRUP, and the result fully sustains your prediction. It has made a NEW MAN of me, infused into my system new vigor and energy; I am no longer tremulous and debilitated, as when you last saw me, but stronger, heartier, and with larger capacity for labor, mutual and physical, than at any time during the last five years."

Thousands have been changed by the use of this remedy from weak, sickly, suffering creatures, to strong, healthy, and happy men and women; and invalids cannot reasonably hesitate to give it a trial.

The genuine has "PERUVIAN SYRUP" blown in the glass.

A 32 page Pamphlet will be sent free.

J. P. DINSMORE, Proprietor,
No. 36 Dey St., New York.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCROFULA.

The Rev. Geo. Sprosse of Brooklyn, N. Y., says, in the Bible Examiner, by way of apology for pub lishing a medical certificate in his Magazine, of the cure of his only son, of Scrofula, "after disolution appeared inevitable." "We publish this statement, not for pay, but in gratitude to God who has thus answered prayer, and in justice to Dr. Anders; being satisfied that there is virtue in the Iodine Water treatment, which the readers of this Magazine will thank its Editor for bringing to their notice."

Circulars free.

Dr. H. Anders' Iodine Water is for sale by J. P. DINSMORE, Proprietor, 36 Dey St., N. Y., and by all Druggists. 4t25

THE ABDALLAH STALLION,

HENDRICK HUDSON,

Will stand for the Season, 1867, at A. S. PEASE'S Stables, Gardiner, Me, commencing May 25th.

Terms.

Single Service, $15; Season, $20; to Warrant, $30. Half cash first service, balance, conditional notes. Insured mares must be regularly returned to the horse.

Pedigree.

HENDRICK HUDSON was sired by Abdallah Chief, Abdallah Chief was by Old Abdallah, and he by Mambrino, he by by Imported Messenger. The dam of Hendrick Hudson was sired by Young Hickory, and he by Imported Whip. His grand dam of Old Liberty, a thoroughbred Running Horse. His great grand dam was by Shakespeare; he by old Duroc, the sire of the American Eclipse.

6t25 A. W. CALDEN.

GENERAL TAYLOR.

Sired by General KNOX, will be found at the stable of D. L. SAWTELLE, in Sidney. Terms of Service: $15 to warrant, $12 for season service, $10 for single service. Cash required for all single and season service. Season will end August 10th, 1867.

Gen. Taylor is stone gray, will be 4 years old the 4th of June next, stands 16 hands high, and weighs 1050 pounds; and for symmetrical proportions, muscular power, actility and style, cannot be surpassed in the State. Dam of this colt, Friend Taylor's widely known and deservedly celebrated gray Nelly, Messenger; grandsire, Allen, Messenger; grand dam, Friend Taylor's Bush Messenger—a mare for muscular power and endurance never beaten. All mares disposed of during the year considered with foal.

DEMERRITT L. SAWTELLE.

Sidney, May 20, 1864. 25tf

GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY.

Will stand for the present season as follows: at the stable of the subscriber, on Mondays; N. J. Benner's Nudd's Corner, West Gardiner, on Tuesdays; at D. W. Jenkins, East Wales, on Thursdays; at M. H. True's, Batchelder's Tavern, Litchfield, Fridays.

Green Mountain Boy was raised in Vermont, was sired by a full blooded Morgan horse out of an imported mare. He is 9 years old this spring, is 16 hands high, weighs 1050 pounds, is of a beautiful chesnut color, light mane and tail, has trotted a mile in 2.35 and is considered by good judges as good a Stock Horse as can be found in this State.

Terms; warrant, $10; season, $8; single service, $5. All mares put by warranted disposed of within the year will be considered with foal.

B. N. THOMAS.

West Farmingdale, May 22, 1867. 3t25*

FARM FOR SALE.

Situated in Damariscotta, 4 miles from the Bridge, is a farm formerly belonging to Benj. Thompson, containing 60 acres equally divided in tillage, pasture and woodland. There is a good house and fair barn. Price $1500. Apply to J. H. GRAFFAM, Chelsea, Mass, or JOSEPH HILTON, Bremen, near the premises. 3t25

PURE CHESTER PIGS,

From N. P. BADGER & CO'S. Stock, Chester County Pa., for sale by. ALBERT NOYES.

Bangor, May 22, 1867. 4t25

SHOVELS, HOES, RAKES, FORKS,

Scythes, Snaths, &c., &c., for sale by M G BROOKS,

6t25 Water Street, Augusta, Me.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS

Relating to payment of United State Pensions due at the Augusta Agency and all pension vouchers should be addressed to HENRY BOYNTON,

4w23* U. S. Pension Agent, Augusta, Me.

EMAIL DE PARIS.

The new beautifier of the skin, used by Signora Bistori, Miss Maggie Mitchell, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Lucille Western, Mrs. Bonne Waller, Miss Agnes Perry, and by thousands of others. For sale in Augusta by 23 WILLIAM C. SIMMONS, Druggist.

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER

Poetry.

A PICTURE.

There's a little low hut by the river's side
Within the sound of its rippling tide,
Its walls are gray with the seasons of years
And its roof all crumbly and old appears;
But fairer to me than a castle's pride
Is the little low hut by the river's side.

The little low hut was my natal nest,
Where my childhood passed—Life's spring tide blest,
Where the hopes of ardent youth were formed
And the sun of promise my young heart warmed,
Ere I threw myself on life's swift tide
And left the dear hut by the river's side.

That little low hut, in lowly guise,
Was lofty and grand to my youthful eyes,
And fairer trees were ne'er known before
Than the apple trees by the humble door,
That my father loved for their thrifty pride
Which shadowed the hut by the river's side.

That little low hut had a glad hearthstone
That echoed of old with a pleasant tone,
And brothers and sisters a merry crew,
Filled the hours with pleasure as on they flew;
But one by one have the loved ones died
That dwelt in the hut by the river's side.

The father revered and the children gay
The grave and the world have called away;
But quietly all alone there sits
By the pleasant window, in summer, and knits
An aged woman, long years allied
With the little low hut by the river's side.

That little low hut to the lonely wife
Is the cherished stage of her active life;
Each scene is recalled in memory's beam
As she sits by the window in pensive dream,
And joys and woes roll back like a tide
In that little low hut by the river's side.

My mother—alone by the river's side
Stop while the flood of the heavenly tide
And the voice that shall thrill her heart with its call
To meet once more with the dear ones all,
And form in a region beautified,
The band that once met by the river's side.

That dear old hut by the river's side
With the warmest place in my heart is allied,
And a glory is over its dak wall thrown,
That stateller fabrics have never known,
And I shall love with a fonder pride
That little low hut by the river's side.

—P. B. Shillaber.

Our Story-Teller.

FEMININE SHARP PRACTICE.

In a small chamber in the best hotel in Copenick, the poulterer Bammel, of Berlin, was ensconced in a bed, surrounded by curtains, and was snoring lustily.

By the side of his couch stood a small table, upon which was a small bell; upon two chairs, placed close together, was his open portmanteau, while over two more chairs hung his black coat and ditto trowsers, white waistcoat, cravat and white kid gloves, all arranged with the utmost care.

It was by no means early, and yet Herr Bammel slept on uninterruptedly, and his deep, heavy breathing gave no signs that he would soon awaken, when from the adjoining room the soft wailing notes of a trumpet vibrated tremulously through the bed-chamber of our poulterer.

Suddenly the gultural snoring tones ceased, and Bammel disturbed in his slumbers, turned on his bed, and after a while stretched out from between the curtains his uncovered sleepy head.

"Who can it be that's sighing here?" he muttered, in a hoarse voice. "I can't see any one."

And having made the last remark, he drew back his head and endeavored to compose himself to sleep; he had not, however, reposed long, when the same doleful, whining tone of the trumpet once more sounded through the room.

"What, again!" said Bammel, sitting up in his bed. "It has gone on like that the whole night.—The devil himself could not sleep quietly through it!"

He settled himself for the second time, and drew the coverlet well over his ear; but a few minutes had scarcely passed before the same sound stole again through the apartment.

"This is not to be borne!" cried Bammel, springing up in his couch. "I do believe this cursed inn is haunted!" and he grasped the bell upon the small table, and rang it furiously.

It was not long before the door upon the landing was opened, and a lanky figure, with a night-cap on its head, peeped into the room.

"Are you the waiter?" asked the poulterer.

"No," replied the individual addressed, stepping nearer. "I'm the boots; we have no waiters here."

"Shut the door, can't you," roared Bammel; "do you wish to give me a cold on my wedding day?"

The boots having done his bidding, Bammel looked searchingly at him as he asked, in rather a more subdued voice:

"I say, who is it that is eternally sighing here?"

"Sighing!" repeated the man, with a face of blank astonishment.

"Yes, I tell you!" continued Bammel; "I have had no peace the whole blessed night, for these sighs.—They were the most awful, horrid sounds."

"It must have been the watchman," replied boots.

"The watchman!" exclaimed Bammel, in surprise. "Does he sigh here in Copenick?"

"No," replied the other, "he blows a horn; don't they blow a horn also in Berlin?"

"No, they don't; with us the watchmen are silent enough, for they only sleep;" but scarcely had the poulterer uttered these words when the melancholy moan vibrated again through the chamber.

Bammel and the boots stared in dismay at each other.

"Was that the watchman?" demanded the former.

"No; that certainly was not the watchman."

"Who occupies the room next door?" continued the poulterer.

"Herr Wermuth," answered the boots.

"Who is Wermuth?" asked Bammel. "Where does the fellow come from?"

"He is of Copenick," replied the servant; "he has engaged the room next to yours for four and twenty hours."

Bammel's face grew purple with anger.

"What a vile proceeding," he said, "to hire a room here merely to disturb my rest!—on the day of my marriage, too. But I am determined I'll go to sleep again. Good night."

"Go to sleep again!" muttered the astonished Johann—"why, it is half-past eight already. That's not an hour to be lying in bed."

"Half-past eight already!" repeated Bammel, starting up in consternation, "and at half-past nine I am to fetch my bride to be married. I have no time to lose." So saying, he sprang hurriedly out of bed, pulled on his trowsers, flung his dressing-gown over his shoulders, and issued forth from behind the bed curtains.

"And you are going to be married?" asked the boots, contemplating with surprise the poulterer's no longer very juvenile face, "so late in life?"

Bammel turned round angrily. "What do you mean?" he asked savagely, adding with a certain dogged energy, "Yes, I am going to marry Miss Therese Sasemichel, of this town."

The boots scanned the elderly bridegroom still more narrowly. "So you are going to marry little Therese," he muttered, as a deep sigh escaped his lips, "the Lord have mer—poor girl!"

"What! are you going to begin to sigh too?" blurted out Herr Hammel, fretfully; "you had much better go and fetch me some warm water to shave with—I'm in a confounded hurry!"

"Detestable creature!" he continued, looking at Johann, as he went shuffling out of the room. "All the people here seem to be unfortunate in their love affairs—but what does that signify to me? I have been most happy in her on whom I have placed my affections—the first time in my life, too, that I have really loved; of course I fell in love over and over formerly—what young man does not do so more or less—but the heart was not concerned, it was merely for the sake of diversion, after the fatigues of the day of business."

He commenced rummaging about in his portmanteau, and as he did so recollections of his past career seemed to present themselves to his mind, and of a nature that drew from him the following soliloquy:

"Yes, yes!" he muttered, as he placed before him his shaving materials, "it is high time to settle down soberly; my connection with Susanne Triller must come to an end; it has been spun out long enough already—full eight years. I have determined, goodness knows how often, to break off my relations with her; but that is not so easy to be done—one must, at any rate, have some excuse for doing so. What pains I have taken to convict the girl of faithlessness—all in vain, however; there never was such an example of attachment and constancy—that is the reason that I have engaged myself secretly here, in Copenick, and am going to be married to-day, without her knowing a word about it. When once the clergyman has pronounced his benediction over the lovely Therese and myself, Susanne will calm down; if, however, I had told her beforehand, I should have had a pretty scene with her."

The wailing notes of the trumpet just then trembled through the room again. Bammel glanced round in horror.

"These sighs continue!" he exclaimed, in a suppressed voice; "but why should they annoy me? I've done a wise stroke of business, anyhow. I am tired of the Berlin damsels—'great cry and little wool.' Susanne may scream as much as she pleases as soon as I return home; in time she will become hoarse and leave it off."

Bammel had just delivered himself of these last words when the boots came back with the water for shaving, and placing the small white jug upon the table, said:

"Oh, by-the-by, I was mistaken in the hour before—it is already half-past nine."

"Half-past nine!" shrieked the terrified Bammel, "how is it possible for me to be in the church by ten? Be off with you, and do not disturb me while I am shaving, or I may cut my chin."

As the boots was slowly retreating, the poulterer began to lather his cheeks with the soap, and had just twisted his mouth to the right to prepare his cheek for the razor when some one knocked at the door of the adjoining room, from which had continually proceeded the tones of a trumpet so exactly like a person sighing.

"Come in," cried the bridegroom, turning his head.

The door was opened, and a long, lanky individual, in a tight, scrimpy coat, and trowsers that were too short for him, entered the room. All round his pallid countenance hung, like the branches of a weeping willow, a mass of sleek, sandy hair, and there was a woe-begone melancholy air about his whole appearance.

"Have I the honor of speaking to Herr Bammel?" he asked, in a low, timid voice.

"Yes, that is my name; pray be seated," said Bammel, pushing a chair towards him, which, however, the visitor did not accept.

"I have something of the utmost importance to say to you, Herr Bammel," continued the lanky personage, casting his eyes up to heaven, as if he were seeking courage from on high to enable him to carry out his purpose.

"May I beg that you will have the goodness to be brief?" remarked Bammel, without looking round, while with the greatest care he scraped his left cheek clean, "I am exceedingly pressed for time."

"I know it, alas! I know it!" moaned the tall visitor, in the most gloomy and dejected manner. "Oh, make Therese happy, Herr Bammel, as happy as I am unhappy!"

Having got out these words, he turned partially away from Bammel, drew with a tragic air a trumpet from his left coat pocket, and blew forth the same sad tone which had been so often heard proceeding from the adjoining chamber.

Bammel jumped sharply round, and gazed with the utmost astonishment at his guest.

"So it was you who have been sighing the whole night long!" he exclaimed, considerably irritated.—"What's the meaning of your trumpeting forth your feelings in that fashion?"

"Because it is beautiful and touching," replied the other, wiping a tear from his light blue eye.

Bammel contemplated his visitor as if he thought it very likely he was not in the full possession of his senses; then putting down his razor, he asked:

"To whom have I the honor of speaking?"

"My name is Wermuth," answered the lank individual. "I am the first trumpeter of the chapel in Copenick. This is my instrument. Ah, it soothes my soul!" So saying, he blew another wailing, melancholy blast.

"Oh, stop that, stop that!" cried Bammel. "It is enough to give a fellow the toothache. What is it that you want?"

"It is fifteen years ago, sir!" began the trumpeter, his face beaming with joy, as he took a step forward, and placed his right hand upon his heart.

"Well, what then?" muttered Bammel, drawing his mouth now towards the left side, to make his right cheek ready for the stroke of the razor.

"It is fifteen years ago, sir," recommenced the trumpeter.

"I know that already!" shouted the enraged poulterer, "get on with you, I have no time to waste."

"Oh, have patience with me, Herr Bammel," pursued the other sadly. "You will understand me—it is fifteen years ago—Therese Susemichel had just turned three years of age—she was a fair angel, with a charming—with a chaste, pure brow—oh, I see her before me now, as she used to walk with her nurse in our public gardens—one day the child fell into the water—I jumped in after her, seized her with this nervous arm—and she was saved.

"The Lord be praised and thanked," said Bammel, rising, but instantly rescating himself.

"The child grew to womanhood," continued the trumpeter, "and it was not long before I one day made the discovery that I was in love with her."

"What! you love my bride!" exclaimed Bammel, springing up, "and dare you tell me so, too?"

"But to whom else am I to tell it?" asked the lover with *naivele*.

"Confound you, to nobody, of course!" roared the poulterer.

Wermuth stared at him with a long melancholy gaze, then at length said, in his soft, mournful tone.

"I have you, Herr Bammel—how I wish you would break a leg—only one."

An exceedingly pleasant man, that, thought Bammel; then wheeling round, he demanded of the trumpeter:

"If you love Therese, why do you not propose for her?"

"I did," replied the musician, shrugging his shoulders, sorrowfully, "but I have no money, therefore, I was refused—of course you have means, or you would not have been accepted either."

Bammel did not seem to know exactly what he ought to answer to this; he looked for some time at his rival, the expression of his countenance denoting extreme irresolution. "I am exceedingly gratified at having made your agreeable acquaintance," he at length said, with constrained amiability; "it is full time, however, now, that I should finish my shaving and dress myself, therefore I take the liberty of asking you, for the last time, what do you want of me?"

"I have told you already once," replied the trumpeter, sadly. "Make her happy."

"Of course I shall—there can be no doubt of that," growled Bammel. "Now do me the favor to go."

"Swear it to me, Herr Bammel," said Wermuth, taking a step nearer.

The poulter grew crimson in the face.

"Are you going, or are you not?" he roared in a fury.

"Farewell, then," uttered the musician, with an air of humble resignation, as he walked out of the room, with slow and sorrowful steps.

"Heaven be praised that that insufferable blockhead is gone," growled Bammel to himself, as he seated himself to finish scraping his face; but he had hardly given two strokes with the razor when there was another tap at the door.

"This is not to be borne," grumbled Bammel, fretfully; then he cried out in a loud voice, "I am not at home! you must come again!"

The last words were scarcely uttered, however, before a young man entered the room, who evidently seemed rather green and rustic looking.

"Pardon me," he began, politely, "Have I the honor to speak to Herr Bammel?"

"No," shouted that individual, without turning round.

"I am very sorry for that," continued the stranger, "I wanted to summon Herr Bammel to the church—I am Dummbart, his cousin.

"You are my cousin!" exclaimed the bridegroom, rising; "I am delighted to see you!"

"Then you are, after all, Herr Bammel," said Dummbart; "I am also charmed—permit me to embrace you."

Dummbart kissed Bammel in the midst of the lather; then making a wry face, he carefully wiped his lips.

"Now go, dear cousin," said Bammel, pushing his new relation out of the door, to give my compliments to my mother-in-law, and assure her that I shall be with her in five minutes, at the latest.

"It is dreadful," he continued, when Dummbart had left the room, "to arrive so late at one's wedding. That cursed trumpeter is to blame, and only he!" Scarcely had he finished speaking, and seated himself once more before the small looking glass, when the door was thrown violently open, and the boots, Johann, rushed into the chamber, quite out of breath.

"Herr Bammel," he panted.

The bridegroom started violently.

"What is the matter now?" he cried. "What do you want?"

"A lady from Berlin has just arrived, who demands to speak with you instantly; Miss Susanne Triller is her name."

"Susanne Triller!" exclaimed Bammel, in a state of painful excitement. "The Lord have mercy on me! I am lost! No! I am not lost yet! An idea has struck me! I am ill, very ill. Pour some water into the teapot yender—quick, quick!"

The boots, in his haste, seized the small white jug with the water that had been used in shaving, and poured it into the teapot.

"Good gracious, what have you done! that's my shaving water!" screamed Bammel. "Run off to the church, and tell my mother-in-law that I shall be there in five minutes!"

And while Johanna went shuffling out of the door, Herr Bammel hastily wiped the lather from his face, put on a night-cap sprang with one leap into bed, and drew the coverlet over his ears. He had scarcely accomplished this maneuver when the door opened, and a woman entered who was no longer in the fresh and rosy bloom of youth, but still good-looking.

"Where is the traitor?" she said, carefully scanning the apartment. "If what the people down stairs have been telling me be true, his conduct has been scandalous—to run away secretly from me, in order to marry another! No, I can never believe that he would do such a thing. Julius, where are you?" she continued, in a louder voice, as she approached nearer to the bed.

A timid, whining groan issued from thence.

"Julius! what's the matter with you?" cried the girl, drawing back the bed-curtains.

"What!" groaned a feeble voice, "is it you, Susanne? I am ill—very ill!"

"Poor fellow!" said the damsel, compassionately; "but what's the reason of your being here, pray?"

"I wanted to have the pleasure of catching for you a dish of carp, which are said to be so fine here in Copenick, and while out fishing I have caught the measles," whimpered Bammel.

"The measles while fishing?" asked the girl in astonishment.

"Alas, yes," again moaned Bammel. "Are you not afraid of the infection?"

"How can you fancy such a thing, Julius?" said Susanne. "I shall not stir from your side, but will attend upon you until you are restored to health. In the first place, however, you must drink a cup of tea, for you seem to be in a fever," she added, pouring the contents of the teapot into a cup, and offering it to her Julian.

"Thank you, thank you, I am not thirsty," whined Bammel, shuddering as he recognized his shaving water.

"Nonsense; whether you are thirsty or not," said the energetic damsel, forcibly holding the soapy water to his lips, "you must drink some, it is good for you."

The poor, tormented poulterer made a fearful grimace, but obeyed.

"Will you be so good as to fetch my doctor, dear Susanne?" he said, after a short pause.

"Yes, with the greatest pleasure," answered the young woman; "where does your doctor live?"

"In Potsdam, at the back of the hussar barracks," replied Bammel. "The nearest way is by Berlin—make haste, make haste, ere it is too late—to-morrow morning, early, you can be here again."

A dark shade passed over Susanne's pretty countenance. The traitor, she thought to herself, he wishes to get rid of me, perhaps, in order that he may marry that other girl. Just then her eyes fell upon the black dress clothes which lay carefully spread out upon a couple of chairs. Ah! there can be no doubt of it, she went on to think; what the people down stairs are telling me is true, indeed. What atrocious conduct! but wait, I'll revenge myself; at all hazards I must know what is going on here.

"Make haste, dear Susanne, ere it is too late," whimpered Bammel.

"I will fly, my beloved," exclaimed the girl. Adieu for the present! Early to-morrow morning I shall be with you again." So saying she gave her Julius a hearty kiss, drew the bed-curtains closely together, took the whole suit of black dress clothes from the two chairs, hastily deposited upon them instead, her mantle and bonnet, opened and closed the door leading to the corridor—without, however, going out herself—then noiselessly slipped behind Bammel's bed.

When the poulterer heard the door slammed too, he cautiously stretched forth his head beyond the curtains, and glanced round the room carefully.—"She has gone!" he exclaimed, exultingly, as he bounded out of bed, "I'll finish my shaving now!"

He was just in the act of seating himself once more before the small looking glass, when there was another knock at the door, and without waiting for permission to enter, the boots, Johann, rushed breathlessly into the room.

"Herr Bammel!" he shrieked, as if pursued by demons, "your mother-in-law is coming; she is furious!"

"My mother-in-law is coming!" yelled the wretched bridegroom, springing up. "May the Lord have mercy upon me, a sinner!"

At that moment Madame Susemichel's scolding voice was heard outside upon the staircase.

"There she is!" cried Bammel, "Go and meet her, Johann. Detain her, if only one moment—run—run!"

While Johann, the boots, bounded out at the door, Bammel searched in every direction for his clothes.

"Where can my black suit have gone to!" he exclaimed in agony of mind. "It is impossible for me to receive my mother-in-law in my shirt. Good gracious, she has reached the top of the stairs already! That wretch of a trumpeter must have stolen my clothes!"

At this critical moment a thump fell upon the door.

"There she is, I declare!" moaned Bammel, in despair. "What am I to wrap about me? I wish my hair would suddenly grow down to the very ground, like holy Susanne's or whatever her name may be. Ah! this substantial silk mantle will, at any rate, spare my blushes," he added, suddenly, on perceiving Susanne's cloak; and he hurriedly flung it over his shoulders.

The knocking came louder.

"Come in!" cried Bammel, and, within a second Madame Susemichel, his mother-in-law elect, followed by Weimuth the trumpeter, entered the room.

"Well, what has become of you, son-in-law?" said Madame Susemichel, thoroughly out of breath.—"Everybody is waiting in the church; the bride is waiting, the clergyman is waiting—what is the meaning of this, pray? A pretty figure you look," she continued, becoming more and more enraged. "What is that you have got on?"

"I am innocent, Madame Susemichel," vociferated Bammel; "the ancient landlady lent me this to cover me. Do you really suspect, Madame Susemichel do you really believe that a young lady has been with me?"

"Oh, fie," said the mother-in-law, indignantly turning away.

"Oh, fie!" repeated the trumpeter, like a doleful echo.

"Explain yourself more clearly, young man," continued Madame Susemichel, "or in the name of—"

"Do not sin in that manner, old woman," Bammel interrupted her in a grave and reproachful tone. "I swear to you I am alone in this chamber."

The last words had scarcely passed his lips when Susanna Triller stepped from behind the couch. Bammel gazed at her, turned as white as a corps, and then seemed to fall into a state of stupor.

"It was true after all!" cried Madame Susemichel, in a furious voice. "Oh, men, men; not even on the day of their wedding can they be faithful! What a blessing that I have found this out in time! Now you shall have Therese, Herr Wermuth," she continued, with an air of malicious triumph, as she seized the arm of the overjoyed trumpeter, and marched out of the room with him, saying, "You must abide the consequences, Herr Bammel; my compliments to you!"

"I am despised—it's all over with me!" whined the unfortunate poulterer, almost falling upon his knees.

Not yet," said Susanne, going to him and holding him up by the arm, "for the old love sticks to you still."

Two months subsequently Bammel actually married the fair one, of whose fidelity he was only too well assured, and was very happy with her—almost as happy as the trumpeter Wermuth with Therese Susemichel, in whose society he entirely weaned himself of sighing.

Hepworth Dixon on Women at Saratoga.

This eminent Englishman's book of travel in this country is remarkably fair and candid, as well as full of interest, from its vividness, ease and fidelity of description. Some mistakes he makes in his views of our customs and modes of thought, but they do not arise from [illegible] in this conversation. Although the Yankee speaks with emphasis, behind his exaggerations is a sad truth:

"What do you say now to our ladies?" said to me a bluff Yankee, as we sat last night under the verandah, here in the hotel at Saratoga. "Charming," of course I answered, "pale, delicate, bewitching; dashing, too, and radiant." "Hoo!" cried he, putting up his hands; "they are just not worth a d——n. They can't walk, they can't ride, they can't nurse." "Ah, you have no wife," said I, in a soothing tone. "A wife!" he shouted; "I should kill her." "With kindness?" "Ugh!" he answered, "with a poker." "Look at these chits here, dawdling by the fountain. What are they doing now, what have they been doing all day? Fed and dressed. They have changed their clothes three times, and had their hair washed, combed and curled three times. That is their life. Have they been out for a walk, or a ride? Have they read a book, have they sewn a seam? Not a bit of it. How do your ladies spend their time?" "They put on good boots, they tuck up their skirts, and walk away through the country lanes. I was in Hampshire once; my host was a duke; his wife was out before breakfast with clogs on her feet and roses on her cheeks; she rode to the hunt; she walked to the copse; a ditch would not frighten her; a hedge would not turn her back." "Why, our women, poor, pale.—" "Come," I said, "they are very lovely." "Ugh!" said the saucy fellow, "they have no bone, no fiber, no juice; they have only nerves; but what can you expect? They eat pearl-ash for bread; they drink ice-water for wine; they wear tight stays, thin shoes, and barrel skirts. Such things are not fit to live, and thank God, in a hundred years not one of their descendants will be left alive."

Miss Leslie on Slang.

"There is no wit," says the author of the Behavior Book, "in a lady to speak of taking a 'snooze,' instead of a nap—in calling pantaloons 'pants, or gentlemen 'gents'—in saying of a man whose dress is getting old, that he looks 'seedy'—and in alluding to an amusing anecdote, or a diverting incident, to say that it is 'rich.' All slang words are detestable from the lips of ladies. We are always sorry to hear a young lady use such a word as 'polking,' when she tells of having been engaged in a certain dance too fashionable not long since; but, happily, now it is fast going out, and almost banished from the best society. To her honor, be it remembered, Queen Victoria has prohibited the polka being danced in her presence. How can a genteel girl bring herself to say, 'Last night I was polking with Mr. Bell,' or 'Mr. Cope came and asked me to polk with him.' Its coarse and ill-sounding name is worthy of the dance. We have little tolerance for young ladies who, having in reality neither wit nor humor, set up for both, and having nothing of the right stock to go upon, substitute coarseness and impertinence (not to say impudence,) and try to excite laughter and attract the attention of gentlemen, by using slang. Where do they get it? How do they pick it up? From low newspapers or vulgar books? Surely not from low companions? We have heard one of these ladies, when her collar chanced to be pinned awry, say that it was put on drunk—also that her bonnet was drunk, meaning crooked on her head. When disconcerted, she was 'floored.' When submiting to a thing unwillingly, she was 'brought to the scratch.' Sometimes she did things 'on the sly.' She talked of a certain great vocalist 'singing like a beast.' She believed it very smart and piquant to use these vile expressions. It is true, when at parties, she always had half a dozen gentlemen about her, their curiosity excited as to what she would say next. And yet she was a woman of many good qualities; and one who boasted of always having lived in society."

☞ Our Legislators in State and Congress, voting for gratuitous appropriations by millions, and prodigal incidental expenditures, when the nation is so taxed and in debt, and paying usurious interest on three thousand millions of dollars, must necessarily depress the national credit, and postpone a return to lower prices and taxation, and prosperous industry, to an indefinite period. England borrows at three per cent., and Russia borrows of Englishmen at four, while the United States has to pay eight per cent., and more.

☞ John Stuart Mills says, "Men may be competent lawyers without general education, but it depends on general education to make them philosophic lawyers—who demand and are capable of apprehending principles, instead of cramming their memory with details." Do not these remarks apply as aptly to the farmer? If a superficial lawyer in legislation supplants a farmer it is only because he is better practiced in details.

☞ Brains nor education can give success to the lawyer or the merchant if he eschews labor. On the other hand, a farmer is a mere drudge and a botch whose labor is not lightened and enlightened by both education and brains. Every farmer should be an expert in Nature's laboratory—the farm.

☞ When Doctor Zimmerman went to attend Frederick The Great in his last illness, the king said to him, "Doctor, you have helped many men into the other world." "Not so many," replied Zimmerman, "as your Majesty, nor with as much honor to myself."

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The subscriber would call the attention of Farmers, Gardeners and Dealers, to their large and very carefully selected stock of Seeds, all of the new crop, and such as can be depended on as being PURE AND TRUE TO NAME. Our Catalogue will be furnished to all who apply for it, and it embraces a large variety of

GARDEN, GRASS, FIELD & FLOWER SEEDS,

to which we have the present season added a number of new varieties, but only such as have proved worth cultivating; we give our personal attention to the handling and putting up of our seeds, so that no mistakes may occur, and we take special care to have them well packed.

Warehouse Nos. 10 South Market and 10 Chatham Streets, Boston, Mass.
6m14 A. SCHLEGEL & CO.

THE EUREKA CLOTHES WRINGER.

The best wringer ever invented. For sale at W. F. SMITH & CO., opposite the Post Office Water St, Augusta, Me. 18tf

ATTENTION

FARMERS AND DAIRYMEN OF MAINE.

J. N. McINTIRE'S Excelsior Churn simplified, Patented June 21, 1864. Is a simple, practical working churn, which has been thoroughly proved, has stood the test, and will continue to give satisfaction if well put it, and each purchaser an equivalent for his money and no humbug. It churns quick and easy; and is warranted to work the buttermilk out thoroughly. Saves hand labor—washes itself clean; and is a neat, compact and durable churn. There are three size, viz: 3, 4 and 5 gallon churns. It is a horizontal shaft-box churn, standing on legs; on the shaft are four rows of beaters, scarfed and set in such a manner as to force the cream from the center to each end in churning. In working the butter, the forward churning motion, forces one-half of the butter to each end; reverse the motion, it winds it back to the center into one body; working it back and forth slowly, in water, it is warranted to work the buttermilk out thoroughly. It is geared to revolve the shaft three and one-third times, and yet is forces the cream from the center to each end at each revolution of the drive wheel. There are breakers at the sides to stop circle current. The buttermilk is drawn readily into a pail. There is no nice about it for the butter to adhere to. The County Rights for York, Cumberland, Oxford, Androscoggin, Knox, Hancock, Washington and east half of Kennebec have been sold to J. S. Ladd of Gardiner and B. F. Morse of Augusta, to whom all communications in relation to said rights shou d be addressed.

It was introduced into Franklin County last June. Chesterville, Farmington, Wilton, and Phillips' Town Rights were sold to some of the most prominent farmers of said Towns. They have proved it and are well satisfied, as the following recommendations testify:

FARMINGTON, March 22, 1867.

This is to testify that we with others have bought the right to make, use and sell the Excelsior Churn, in the towns of Chesterville and Farmington—have proved it, and consider it the best practical working churn in use, to our knowledge. It works the buttermilk out thoroughly, and is truly worthy of public patronage.

WILLIAM MORRISON, BENNING GLINES,
SAMUEL HILTON, WILLIAM S. HASWELL,
PETER W. MANTER, JOHN COBBITT,
CHARLES V. PINKHAM, EDWARD P. WESTON,
C. E. CARVILL.

WILTON, March 23, 1867.

This certifies that we with others have bought the right for the above named churn for the town of Wilton—have proved it, and can fully certify to the above statement.

LORIN ADAMS, WILLIAM GODING.

PHILLIPS, March 25, 1867.

This certifies that we have used the Excelsior Churn for the last nine months and consider it the best Churn in use, to our knowledge. It has never failed to work the buttermilk out thoroughly, and is well worthy of patronage.

JOHN HOYT, Miss MARY W. HOYT, Phillips,
SAMUEL HILTON, Miss MARY HILTON, Farmington.
JAMES COLBY, Miss. MARY COLBY, Lincoln.

WILTON, Feb. 27, 1867.

Mr. Lorin Adams bought the right for Jay, Temple, Carthage, Perkins Plantation and No. 4. It was introduced into Waldo county last October. Charles A. Wiley of Morrill bought the right for Belfast, Belmont, Waldo and Morrill; he also has the right to sell in Northport, Swanville, Searsport, Prospect and stockton. Enos M. Hatch of Montville owns the right for Liberty. Edward K. Vose and Thomas Sawyer bought the right for Knox.

SOUTH MONTVILLE, April 2, 1867.

This certifies that we have used the Excelsior Churn five months and like it well. It works the buttermilk out thoroughly, and is worthy of patronage.

J. G. POTTLE, JOHN P. FRENCH,
Mrs. M. A. POTTLE, Mrs. E. FRENCH,
CHARLES A. WILEY, Mrs. ESTHER J. WILEY, Morrill.
HENRY BEALE Jr., Freedom.

Castings for said Churn can be had of Luther Whitman of Winthrop, in lots of one dozen or more, for $1.25 per set. Cast and fitted up in a neat and workmanlike manner, and warranted. Boxed and delivered at the railroad station for all parties who wish.

Mr. George Fuller of Hallowell, is engaged to cast Excelsior Churn castings for 8 cents per pound, for all parties who wish said castings, weighing 62 pounds.

Mr Joseph Berry of Gardiner, is engaged to fit up for all who wish Excelsior castings.

Sylvanus Robbins of North Chesterville, is engaged to build Excelsior Churns for all who may want them in Franklin and surrounding counties, and will warrant them to be built in a neat and workmanlike manner. The subscriber has engaged two dozen by the 20th of May.

Mr. J. G. Pottle of South Montville, is engaged to build for those who own town rights, and for all others who buy town rights in Waldo county. The subscriber has engaged two dozen by the 20th of May and one dozen by the 1st of June, to accommodate Churn right purchasers.

Mr. George Morgan of Gardiner is engaged to build all that may be wanted in Kennebec, Sagadahoc and Lincoln counties. 4 dozen engaged by the 10th of June.

The remainder of the town rights unsold, in Franklin, Waldo and the west half of Kennebec counties, for sale; also, Sagadahoc, Lincoln, Somerset, Piscataquis, Penobscot and Aroostook county rights for sale. Town and county rights for sale reasonable.

In over one hundred trials in public, the time of churning has ranged from two to twenty minutes. Temperature ranged from forty-five to sixty degrees.

In introducing an article of which there has been so many forerunners, I have prejudices to meet, but to the public I say, come and see. To the incredulous, investigate! To the prejudiced, be candid! For simplicity, efficiency, cost and durability it has no superior. Retail price $6. $7 and $8. If the above churn will stand the test, it will win its way to general patronage, and will be a benefit to the purchaser; if not it will go down like many of its predecessors. I put it on its own merits. I ask no trade unless satisfaction is given. The subscriber will canvass Franklin, Waldo, Sagadahoc, Somerset and Penobscot counties, during May and June. Responsible agents will be employed to sell town rights. All communications addressed to the subscriber at Gardiner, promptly answered. HENRY N. PARKS.
West Gardiner, April 27, 1867. 2m21

OXYGENIZED AIR.

119 Harrison Avenue.

CHRONIC CATARRH

Usually affects the head, fauces, and bronchial tubes. It is invariably caused by humoral or inflammatory blood, by which the mucous membrane is made sore or inflamed, producing a copious effusion of viscid matter. If it be produced by

SCROFULA IN THE BLOOD

It is almost certain to end in consumption, unless speedily cured, because it is impossible to entirely prevent the matter from